The Alianza in Trouble, by Senator Edward M. Kennedy

Saturday Review

October 17, 1970 50¢

REVOLUTION AND EDUCATION IN LATIN AMERICA

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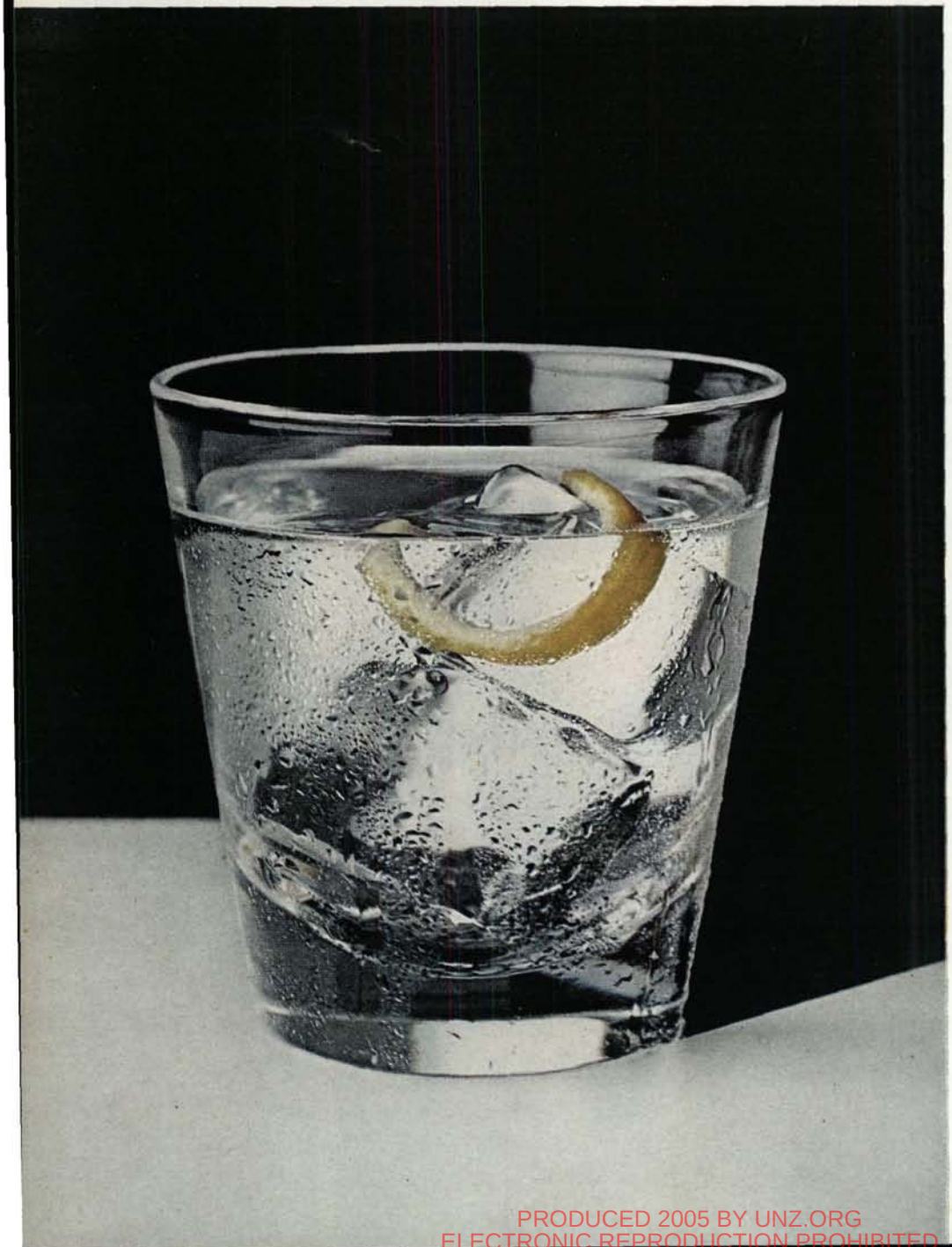

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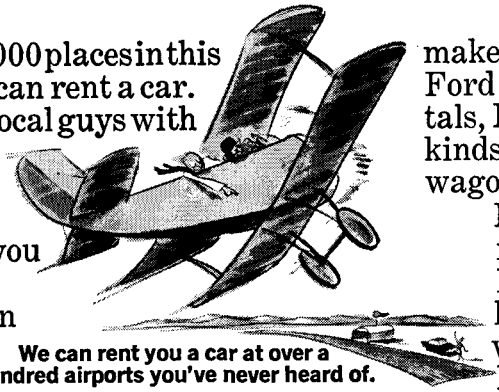

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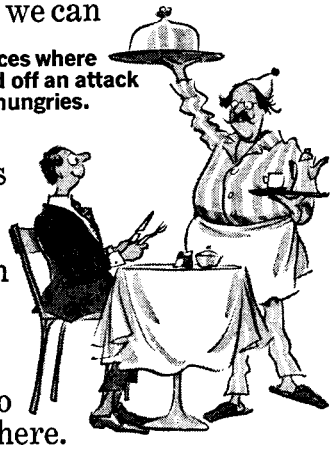

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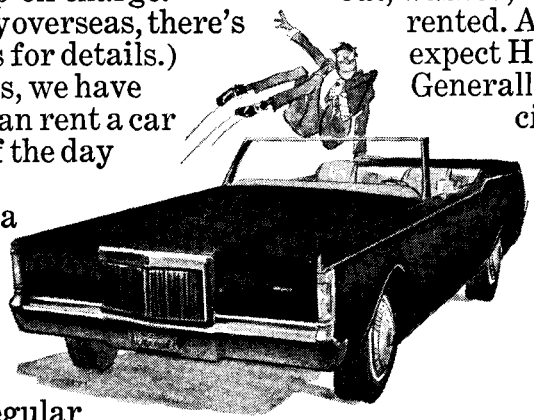

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

Moonstones and Mousetraps

SOME THIRTY YEARS ago Howard Haycraft, who wrote *Murder for Pleasure: The Life and Times of the Detective Story,* suggested that the then five top English authors of detective stories were Henry Christopher Bailey, Agatha Christie, Freeman Wills Crofts, Richard Austin Freeman, and Dorothy Sayers. About that time I think it was Agatha Christie's *Lord Edgware Dies* I had just read, and turned to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* to see what recognition it gave her. I remember being stunned to find that Agatha Christie was not listed and more stunned to find that Hercule Poirot, her dapper detective with the little gray cells, was.

Now Agatha Mary Clarissa Miller Christie Mallowan, I am pleased to report, has made the grade herself: The current edition of the *Companion* gives her equal billing with Poirot. The ways of the Oxford people remain strange, however, because Inspector French is in the *Companion,* whereas Mr. Crofts, who created him, is not. Reggie Fortune is listed but not H. C. Bailey, who created *him.* You can't find Richard Austin Freeman, but if you look for Dr. John Thorndyke, his scientific detective, he is on page 817, big as life. On the other hand, Dorothy Sayers and her Lord Peter Wimsey have been included from the beginning.

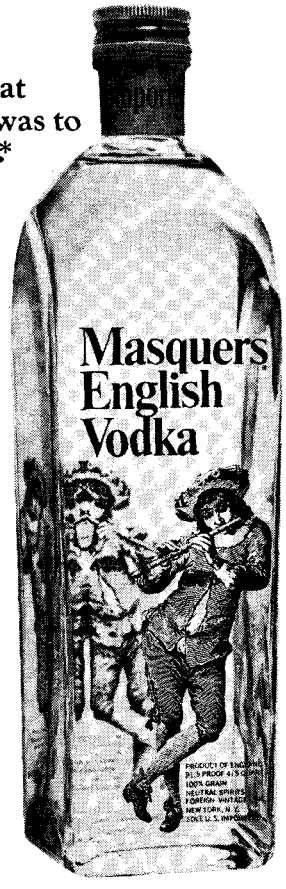
Mrs. Mallowan is eighty years old. Coincident with the birthday celebration thrown for her a few weeks ago, William Collins published her *Passenger to Frankfurt,* which is not a detective story but what the author calls "An Extravaganza"—anything but a first-rate spy affair, one must note, having no murder and without any trace of Poirot or even Miss Jane Marple. As credible as anything else in the book is the suggestion that Hitler did not really die in the bunker in Berlin but escaped to South America, where he married (not Eva Braun) and produced a son. If Mrs. Mallowan here is not up to her established standard, some of her followers will not protest. She has been too much of an idol. She remains a true professional.

Agatha Christie's first book—*The Mysterious Affair at Styles,* in which five-foot-four Hercule Poirot made his debut with his egg-shaped head and military mustache—was published when she was twenty-nine. Nineteen years later, with about sixteen novels in between, came *Ten Little Indians* (to give it its American title), which, if not her best, probably is her best-known. Recently I went through it again. What on first reading had been pure fun on second reading wasn't. For, giving Mr. Justice Wargrave the benefit of every doubt, he simply could not have been responsible for all ten deaths. He could *not,* unless blessed with the ability to be both divisible and *in*visible when he chose to be. However, plausibility is not a virtue to be sought for in detective fiction, certainly not after the initial reading. Such fiction, for all the erudite essays in its behalf, must be taken at face value and not subjected to too careful scrutiny. Yet, despite my reservations, I have with full satisfaction just finished a second reading of *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd.* It holds up fine, and I for one never understood the furor raised at the time of its appearance; it seemed reasonable, as reasonable as anything can be in the detective story realm, that the narrator should turn out to be the culprit. I have also gone back to renew acquaintance with Philo Vance, Nero Wolfe, the Saint, Charlie Chan, Father Brown, Nick Charles, and Fu Manchu—and have regretted almost every return. As a matter of fact, two and only two detective novels have captured my whole attention and disappointed me not at all on rereading: *The Moonstone,* which everybody calls the greatest story of the kind ever written, even people who never heard of Wilkie Collins (it so happens, of course, that it is), and E. C. Bentley's *Trent's Last Case.* I don't dare go back to Sherlock Holmes for fear of being disillusioned.

Mr. Bentley not only was a superb storyteller, he also had fine literary style, which is what too many writers of detective fiction haven't got. We had some good writing in J. P. Marquand's stories about Mr. Moto, and originally in the Peter Wimsey tales by Dorothy Sayers. Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett had style, but it hardly could be considered literary. In most detective fiction, according to my experience, style is secondary to action, to weirdies and their screwball mannerisms. More than half of the authors are good mechanics rather than good writers. A newspaper friend here told

(*Continued on page* 10)

English Vodka is to vodka what Sadlers Wells was to Russian ballet.*



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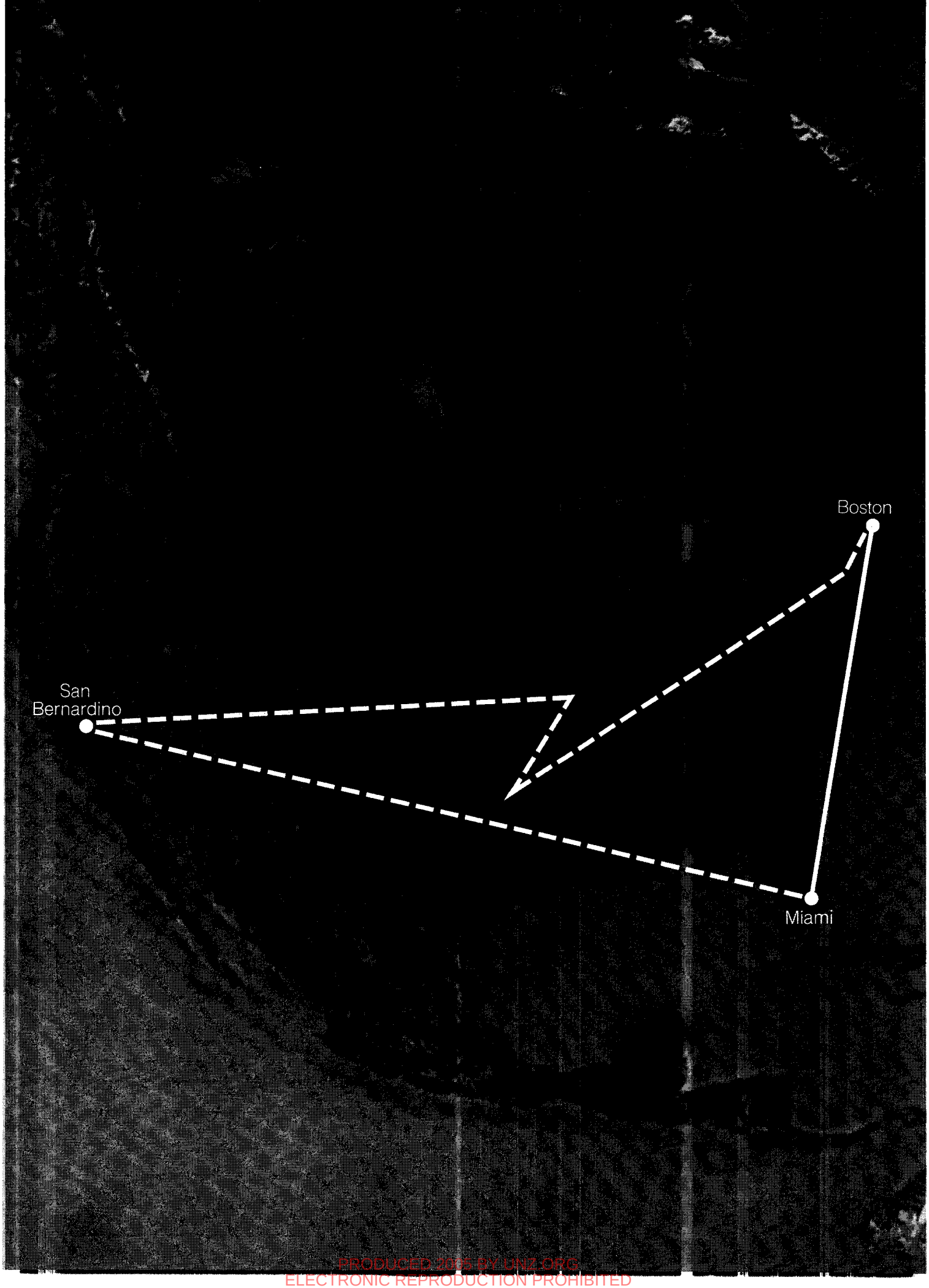

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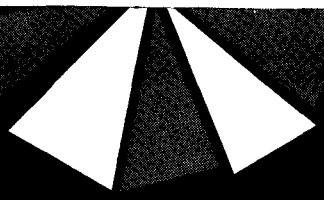

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(*Continued from page 4*)

me recently that *Passenger to Frankfurt* would be Mrs. Mallowan's eightieth book. He underestimated. My casual but not guaranteed accurate survey puts the total of her novels at sixty-three, her volumes of short stories at twenty, and her volumes of plays at fourteen. I think nobody has a right to quibble about the lady's productivity, though she falls rather short of Edgar Wallace's claimed 173, eighteen of which, I understand, were published in one year. Poor Agatha never had more than four published in a year. One of these days, incidentally, somebody who enjoys census-taking may give us an authoritative inventory of the ten most prolific detective story writers, a possibility I mention lest the fans of Erle Stanley Gardner, Georges Simenon, and Ellery Queen attack me with their personally audited statistics.

Though I have delighted in almost three dozens of her detective novels, what got me particularly interested in Mrs. Mallowan originally were the several straight and excellent novels she issued under the name of Mary Westmacott. To two of them—*Absent in the Spring* and *The Rose and the Yew Tree*—I was privileged to give magazine publication. What keeps me fascinated is her astonishing ability to *continue* to write. What flabbergasts and pleases me is the seemingly endless popularity of her work. Probably there is no better example than *The Mousetrap,* a play by her first produced at the Ambassador Theatre here. I saw it in 1952, during its first season. Now, eighteen years later, it is still at the Ambassador, practically every performance being sold out. For first-time visitors to London, *The Mousetrap* is almost as much of a must as the changing of the guard. This play and *Witness for the Prosecution*—her best, I think—along with her tremendous story output, probably make Agatha Christie at least as well known around the world as any other twentieth-century author. She has become a legend.

No doubt I should mention that more than a dozen of Mrs. Mallowan's works have been made into movies. They have featured a long roster of stars, from Walter Huston, Marlene Dietrich, and Margaret Rutherford to Basil Rathbone, John Hodiak, and Charles Laughton.

At any future birthday celebrations no testimonials to the Grand Old Lady of Detective Fiction will be required. The toastmaster likely will merely recite the titles of her books. In themselves they will represent a magnificent eulogy. And there are more than enough of them to take up all the available time.

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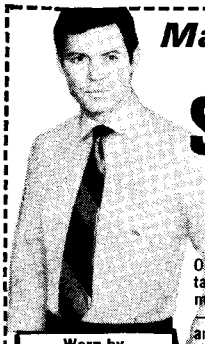

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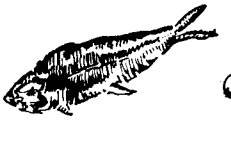

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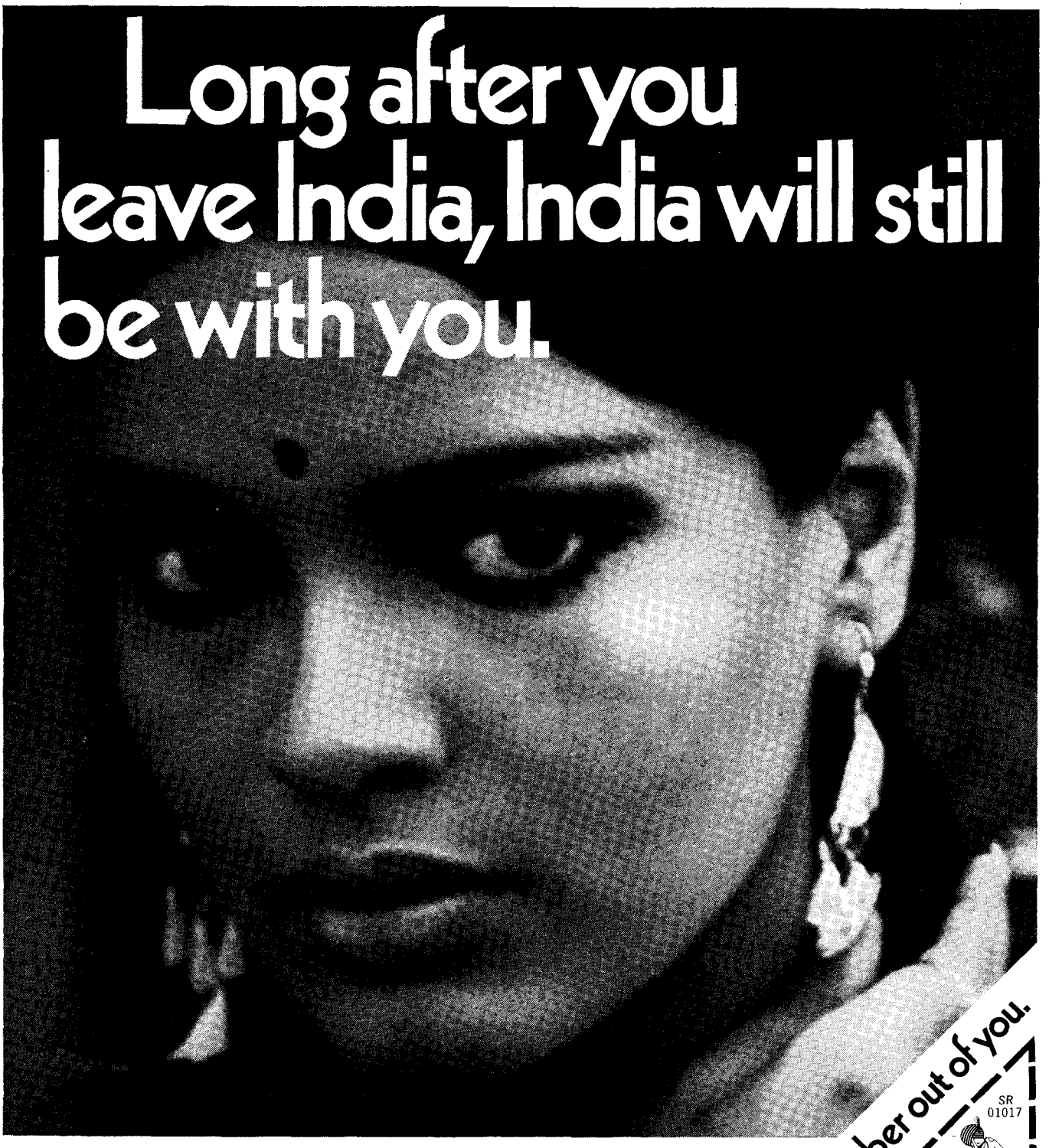

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"Our sixth-graders wrote

Keeping up with timely subjects like pollution is a big problem to all teachers because up-to-date texts aren't available. But sixth-grade teacher Miss Jeanne M. Coyne, of Laramie School in Oak Forest, Illinois, didn't let the lack of materials keep her students from getting involved. In fact, it helped. Let her tell you how.

"We decided to make our own textbook."

"My sixth-graders are deeply interested in the pollution crisis because they see so much about it on TV and in newspapers and magazines. But that's the problem. That's the only place you can find anything about it. So we decided that if we're going to keep up with

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he book on pollution."

ıe news, we'll have to create our own
ollution textbook.

Students produced the whole thing."

This was something everybody got involved
ı right away because it turned into a fun
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bout pollution from non-classroom materials.
tudents created crossword puzzles, scrambled-
ord games, diagram puzzles, cartoons and
n amazing variety of other things — most
f them really clever.

They all were pretty proud . . ."

It gave all my authors a real sense of pride
nd satisfaction to see their textbook run off on
our duplicator and passed around. Even other
teachers in our school asked for copies to
use as a basis for studying pollution in
their own classes."

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Playing It by Ear

ITEMS THAT LEND themselves to a touch of humor are fast disappearing from the TV newscasts. The news is grim. Correspondents from all over the world dart on and off of the home screens crying one havoc after another. And the sensitive viewer winds up crawling into bed with a bad case of *Weltschmerz*.

I'm a sensitive viewer. But I have discovered a way to beat that rap, and I pass it along. All you have to do is to develop an Inner Ear that picks up the ironic humor underlying the actual news stories.

Example: There was this stock exchange expert trying hard to be optimistic about the state of our economy. "The stock market," he said "has bottomed out." My inner ear heard him saying, "The stock market is where you lost your bottom."

I began this inner ear business way back when we invaded Cambodia, and the name of Lon Nol was being introduced to TV newscast audiences. Lon Nol had become a household word overnight. Lon Nol this and Lon Nol that. I was getting pretty nervous until my inner ear discovered that the name of the Premier of Cambodia spells itself, both backward and forward, Lon Nol.

This pleasant distraction helped me through many an evening of terror. I've always been fond of palindromes. The original one, of course, was uttered when Adam introduced himself to Eve.

"Madam, I'm Adam," he said.

She didn't recognize, or wasn't in the mood for, the palindrome.

"Fresh!" she exclaimed. "And don't go telling me what fruit I can eat and what I can't."

"But," said Adam, "He told us we can't eat the apples from that tree."

" 'He,' " she scoffed. "You keep saying 'He.' You talk about Him as if He were God."

The first liberated woman.

Where was I? Oh yes. Then there was the day our Vice President announced he had discovered that the rock 'n' roll composers were, through their lyrics, encouraging the use of drugs. As a sample he offered lyrics from a Beatles song: "I'll get by with a little help from my friends." The word "friends," he accused, was their code for drugs, which the song encouraged listeners to use.

That shook me up. All along I had been gaily, and it now turns out naïvely, singing the song and thinking "friends" encouraged not drugs but the brotherhood of man. If the VP is correct, then "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," my inner ear had me believing, made Irving Berlin a segregationist.

"Fly Me to the Moon" was Bart Howard encouraging me to take a "trip."

"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," and I could see all those campus buildings on fire.

"That Old Black Magic Has Me in Its Spell" was Johnny Mercer writing a theme song for the Panthers.

I hope Mr. Agnew doesn't go to see the Broadway musical in which the hit title song is "Promises, Promises." Burt Bacharach would be accused of using code words to describe the Nixon administration.

Then there was the evening TV gave us the news that Martha Mitchell, the ebullient and loyal wife of the Attorney General, had telephoned the United Press to give out the news that, in her opinion, professors and educators "are the people who are destroying our country."

She told the UP that she was calling on the phone in her upstairs bathroom. The reason she gave was that her husband doesn't approve of her talking to the press. I couldn't accept that. If ever there was a liberated woman, it's Martha.

But then the newscaster went on to quote her as saying: "Had the educators not adopted a Leftist political philosophy, they would lead the path of Americanism, rather than the path of communism. It makes me sick at my stomach."

My inner ear heard the newsman asking, "Given that condition, wouldn't *you* use the phone in your upstairs bathroom?"

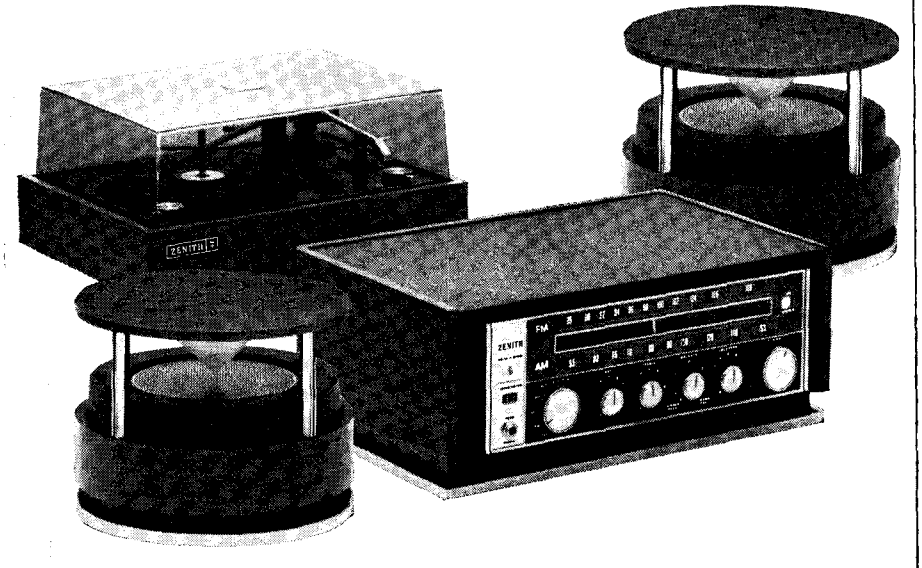
It's all like the story of the man extolling the virtues of his new hearing aid.

"It's so remarkable," he says, "I can hear every word, even a whisper across the room."

"Really? What kind is it?" someone asks.

"Twenty minutes after eleven," replies the proud hearing aid-owner.

You see? The trick is simply not to hear what you hear.



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ROAD LOVE

RENAULT

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Poem of the Week came from Mrs. Harriet Reagh of Los Angeles. She found it in her eighth-grade daughter's yearbook:

> Hickory dickory dock,
> The mice ran up the clock.
> The clock struck one;
> The others escaped with minor injuries.

Meanwhile, our Letter of the Week also concerned poetry. It came from Mrs. George Neagle of Newton, Massachusetts.

> Dear Mr. Amory:
> Having been away most of the summer, I have only today discovered your pronunciation derby.
>
> I consider "poem" the most mispronounced word in our language. Why do people insist on calling it a "pome"? When anybody tells me he has just written a pome, my reply is invariably, "Oh, that makes you a pote."

"Do you," Mrs. Neagle asks, "find me crool?" No, Mrs. Neagle, we don't, but, remember, poems are still made by fuels like us. Elsewhere, the Interview of the Week was found by Dr. James Miller in the Durham (North Carolina) *Morning Herald*:

> Julie Andrews still recalls her appearance on the *David Frost Show* last month as "a completely unnerving experience."
>
> It was the first time she had and, she told me, "It was a frightening sort of exposure, rather like standing naked."
>
> In spite of such uneasy emotions, the reserved, quiet star, who has never gone out of her ganization founded by a group way for personal publicity, is ever appeared on a talk show ests in her and husband Blake has become one of main interplanning to submit to more of such "unnerving" TV talk experiences.

Our guess is she'll go back into her shell. In any case, on the literary scene, Phyllis Shauman of Biggsville, Illinois, found the following in the Monmouth *Review Atlas:*

> Within a week after Women's Liberation Day, ninety veteran waitresses have learned they apparently will be replaced by men at President Nixon's state dinner Thursday.
>
> They're not all pleased.
>
> Tim Elborne, a White House spokesman, said simply, "State dinners have always been served by writers."

And, we'll bet, served well, too—or at least stated well. Mrs. Julia Horn of New York also had literary news—from the obituary of François Mauriac in the New York *Post*:

> In 1912, he married Jeanne Lafan, who was to be the bother of his four children.

"I am the bother," Mrs. Horn writes, "of just one!" As for ourselves, we participated in a panel with James Brady, publisher of *Women's Wear Daily*, and learned that his paper, promidi and anti-mini, was on the receiving end of a far from mini barrage of anti-midi missives. "Fag's Wear Daily, New York" was, he told us, the sole address borne by one. Another contained hard news for all Fairchild Publications. "I cannot cancel my subscription to *Women's Wear*," the letter said, "because I don't have one. But I hereby order you to cancel my subscription to *Electronic News*."

Finally, Mrs. Rose Lieberman of South Orange, New Jersey, uncovered, in the *Journal of Practical Nursing*, one of our all-time favorite instruction sheets:

FALLING SAFELY

Falls are the second leading cause of accidental deaths in this country. Every year approximately one million Americans fall and seriously injure themselves. Over 19,000 persons died from falls last year. Falling safely is a skill which may be learned. It is important to remember to relax the muscles and to turn the body so that you will land on a well-padded part. When falling from one level to another, touch the ground on the balls of the feet. As your feet make contact, bend the knees and ankles and curl the body. Gently bend the legs, hips, and arms to put

(*Continued on page* 43)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1905)

(VALERIE) PASCAL:
THE DISCIPLE AND HIS DEVIL

Jaipur City, with its lace-like raspberry-pink houses, is, I think, one of the most attractive cities in the world. The wide streets vibrate in colors: saris in red, yellow, green and gold. The open shops of the brassworkers tinkle. Fruit vendors balance heavy scales with ripe fruits.

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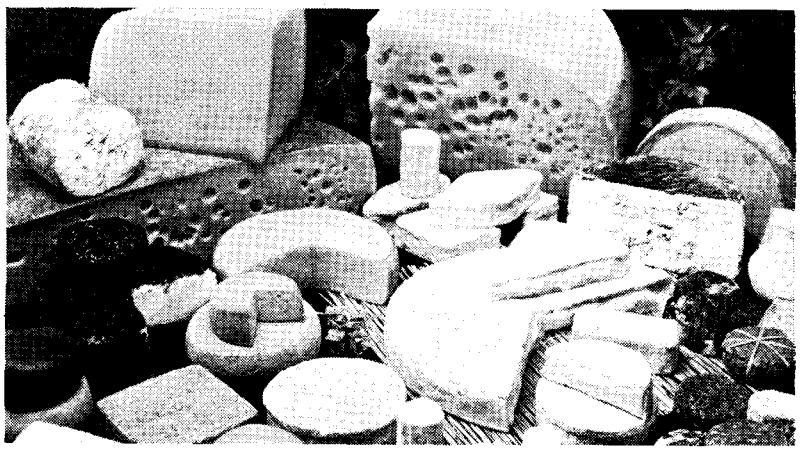

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Beginning Anew in Latin America

"For a decade, we have emphasized the need for alliance and we have forgotten the need for progress."

by EDWARD M. KENNEDY,
U.S. Senator from Massachusetts

We began the Sixties by joining with Latin American nations in a call to hemispheric action, a call to promote a better life for millions of Latin Americans who are forced to endure both poverty and oppression. They had been deprived of hope, of faith in political institutions, of a share in the economic and social progress of most of the Western Hemisphere, and of the most basic right that the hemisphere promised the world—the dignity of the individual. In recognition of these deprivations, in March of 1961, the sound of a revolutionary trumpet echoed to the governments and to the people of Latin America, calling on them to join with us in a new alliance: la Alianza para el Progreso.

Yet, barely a month later, on April 17, 1961, we launched the Bay of Pigs invasion, an embarrassing reminder of our history of gunboat diplomacy toward the hemisphere. It showed we had not yet learned the lesson that we have no divine right to intervene, forcibly or otherwise, in the internal affairs of Latin American nations.

Rarely in our history have two events, coming so close together, so clearly symbolized the best and worst in American foreign policy. Time and again over the past decade we have seen the noble goals of the Alliance for Progress perverted by the cold war philosophy symbolized by the Bay of Pigs.

For decades, the Pentagon, the State Department, and our intelligence agencies have urged the United States to intervene on the side of stability in Latin America out of fear that an end to the hegemony of the oligarchs would throw open the door to communist revolution. Our policy was not just a policy for Latin America. It was the same policy that led us to support Chiang Kai-shek against every force for change in China in the 1940s.

It is the same policy that leads us to support the Thieu regime in Vietnam today. In 1965, this rigid cold war philosophy prompted the landing of Marines in the Dominican Republic. The U.S. intervention, clothed once again in anti-communist rhetoric, was intended to bring order and democratic rule. It produced neither, and we have not yet realized the final cost of that action.

The Alliance for Progress was our first great effort to alter our anachronistic policies. President Kennedy and many others tried to bring our policies into line with the winds of social revolution sweeping across the continent. The alliance was not meant merely to repeat the narrowly conceived economic assistance programs of the 1950s. It was a basic attack on the exploitation of man that for too long has characterized the institutions of the hemisphere. The alliance embraced the goals of social justice, political freedom, and democratic government, as well as economic progress. It embodied a spirit of change that dared to challenge the traditions of the hemisphere. The alliance produced schools, roads, and bridges. More important, it spurred the development of an institutionalized planning process that was nonexistent a decade ago. On a regional level, the Inter-American Committee for the Alliance for Progress has become a creative and highly competent mechanism for evaluation and planning.

But today, the alliance—that bold attempt, that new initiative—is slowly dying. Each year its spirit has grown weaker. Our own commitment now has vanished. For the vast majority of Latin Americans, the better life has remained a fragment of a broken dream. There has been no outcry from the American public at our abandonment of the ideals of the Alliance for Progress. There is a fundamental lack of concern here at home for what happens in Latin America. Few know that there is a new Charter of the Organization of American States or that the first OAS General Assembly meeting was held last summer. All too often news of Latin America attracts our attention only when a government is overthrown, a plane is hijacked, or an ambassador is kidnaped. The American public still does not realize that twenty-five republics share our hemisphere. Nor does it realize that more than ten million of our own citizens trace their heritage to the blood of Spanish, Portuguese, and Indian cultures that make up Latin America, or that millions of our black citizens have historical ties to the citizens of Jamaica, Trinidad, and Barbados.

It is a personal tragedy that I can repeat nearly the same somber statistics about Latin America that President Kennedy cited in 1960 and that Robert Kennedy cited in 1966. For the vast majority of Latin Americans, the alliance has failed. Nearly 30 per cent of the population still die before their fortieth birthdays. Poverty, malnutrition, and disease continue to deny strength and incentive to the majority of the people in Latin America. Family processions bearing miniature coffins offer testimony to one of the world's highest infant mortality rates. There still is a 55-per cent dropout rate in primary schools, and for every 100 students who enter the first grade more than seventy-five will have dropped

This article is adapted from a Mansfield Lecture delivered by Senator Kennedy at the University of Montana. For further examination of Latin American problems, see this month's education supplement, beginning on page 53.

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out by the time they finish high school.

The alliance has been a major economic disappointment. The rate of economic growth per capita has averaged 1.8 per cent for the decade, lower than it was in Latin America in the years when there was no alliance. Part of the reason was that American economic assistance has averaged half of what we promised for the alliance in actual development funds. We cheapened our aid by demanding that our dollars be used to buy U.S. products, goods that in many instances could be bought more cheaply on the world market. We still demand that 50 per cent of the goods be transported in U.S. ships. These shackles on our foreign aid have reduced its value by 40 per cent. In too many countries, the only difference between the alliance and the previous U.S. foreign assistance outpost has been the nameplate on the door.

The alliance has been a social failure despite the well-intentioned efforts of many AID officials and Latin American leaders. Land remains in the hands of a minute percentage of the population. In some countries, less than 10 per cent of the people own 90 per cent of the land. One-third of the rural labor force is unemployed. The increase in the total population means that rural unemployment will grow higher, creating disorder and increasing the flow of unskilled persons in cities. And we know that the cities have not yet demonstrated the capacity to absorb their present labor force.

The alliance has been a political failure. It was intended to write a new page of political history in Latin America, to end the depressing chapter of family dictatorships and military coups. Instead, thirteen constitutional governments have been overthrown in nine years. Today, in eleven Latin American republics, military governments rule, supported by hundreds of millions of dollars in American military assistance. In some of those nations, basic human rights are violated and the democratic ideals of the alliance have vanished.

And the spirit of the alliance has failed here at home. Despite our strong traditions of democracy, the United States continues to support regimes in Latin America that deny basic human rights. We stand silent while political prisoners are tortured in Brazil. In some instances, their only crime was advocating change.

I point out this situation not because Brazil is among governments in the world and hemisphere that engage in such repression, but because Brazil is ruled by a government that we fully support with money, arms, technical assistance, and the comfort of close diplomatic relations.

The Council of Europe has condemned the Greek military dictatorship for political oppression and the torture of political prisoners. The Organization of American States can do no less. It is the responsibility of the nations of the hemisphere to focus the spotlight of international opinion on the outrages being committed in Brazil.

It is not only in Brazil that we see the contradiction between our support of authoritarian regimes and the ideals of the alliance. In Argentina, an authoritarian military regime governs and university autonomy is destroyed. In Peru, a military regime rules and the freedom of the press is in serious jeopardy. In Paraguay, a dictator rules and political expression is silenced. In other nations as well, authoritarian regimes are the rule, rather than the exception.

Authoritarian rule forces those who have dared to advocate and work for fundamental change into long periods of exile and suffering. It deprives the nations of Latin America of leadership talent they cannot easily replace. Where the oppressive measures of authoritarian governments have been most intolerable, indigenous revolutionaries have sought to use terror to counter the violence of their governments. We cannot condone either violence, for both deny basic human rights and both are affronts to civilized conduct.

Only recently we have seen the most

senseless example of such violence. The killing of Dan Mitrione by the Tupamaros in Uruguay represents the wanton murder of a defenseless man and can do no more to bring about social change than the torture of political prisoners can assure the maintenance of free society.

Much of the $673-million in military aid granted in the past nine years has gone to those governments that displayed their contempt for democratic principles. The premise has been that anti-Americanism, subversion, and communist insurgency will end if police and military forces are better trained and equipped. In fact, we have seen an even more virulent form of anti-Americanism expressed by some of the leaders of recent military coups. The experience of the past decade has shown that the people of Latin America are not vulnerable to foreign ideologies. It was not the efficiency or the power of the U.S.-equipped Bolivian army that brought defeat and death to Che Guevara, but the sea of Bolivian peasants who resented foreign intrusion.

Subversion remains in Latin America not because the police forces are untrained but because human misery is omnipresent. The answer to the threat of unrest produced by hunger, poverty, disease, and injustice is not to import arms against the insurgents who exploit them, but to eradicate these ancient evils. It is time to recognize that fundamental social change is inevitable in the world. Stability for its own sake is a sterile policy destined to produce confrontation with the revolution of rising expectations in Latin America. We cannot prevent that change. The only rational policy for American assistance to Latin America is to direct our efforts to responsive, representative governments, reflective of the needs of their people.

The destiny of Latin America is for Latin Americans to decide, not the United States. But we can make it clear that, although we will not intervene, neither will we be party to any form of repression of the people and their aspirations.

A test of the political maturity of all nations in the Western Hemisphere is now at hand in Chile. The past six years of Eduardo Frei's Presidency represent a positive and progressive

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epoch in Chilean political history. Nevertheless, a self-described Marxist polled the most votes in the recent Presidential election. The action of the Congress will form the final step in the electoral process. The history of respect for the political process in Chile has been long and distinguished. Regardless of the final outcome, the U.S. and other nations must display equal respect for the right of the Chilean people to choose their own leaders.

What is now clear is that the Alliance for Progress of the 1970s must return to the spirit that launched a wave of enthusiasm in Latin America nine years ago. That spirit called for political freedom and social justice, not just economic development. The basic failure of the Alliance for Progress is that it was never tried. For a decade, we have emphasized the need for alliance and we have forgotten the need for progress.

If we are to end poverty and injustice for the vast majority of the continent's people, the second decade of development must produce fundamental changes in the distribution of power and wealth in Latin America. The real question is not whether the change will come. The question is whether with intelligence and compassion we can accelerate peaceful change and avoid a more violent and destructive transformation. The vital decision for the United States in the 1970s must be how to reform our own efforts so that they complement the Latin Americans' struggle to modernize. But if we are to reaffirm the ideals of the alliance, strong steps must be taken.

First, the United States should reassert the political goals of the alliance. We must match our actions to our rhetoric. Contrary to the report produced by Governor Rockefeller after his trip to Latin America, the United States should not consent to the overthrow of democratic governments on the belief that a "new type of military man has come to the fore."

Second, I urge the immediate withdrawal of all of our military missions. I believe that we must begin now to demonstrate our opposition to military intrusion in the political arena by our attitudes, speech, and actions. Our military missions remain in seventeen Latin American countries, including Costa Rica, where they have no army, and Peru, where they asked us to phase it out a year and a half ago. Our largest military mission is in Brazil, despite that country's use of severe political repression. In addition to being a far too visible evidence of the U.S. presence in Latin America, some missions have covertly influenced military cliques in the host countries. At times, they have preached policies at odds with the official statements of our ambassador. In the minds of many Latin Americans, they symbolize an alliance not for progress but for tyranny.

We also should lose no time in phasing out our military assistance programs and halting sales of arms on credit to Latin America. The futility of our military policy was demonstrated in the war last year between El Salvador and Honduras. Both armies and their officers were equipped and trained by the United States.

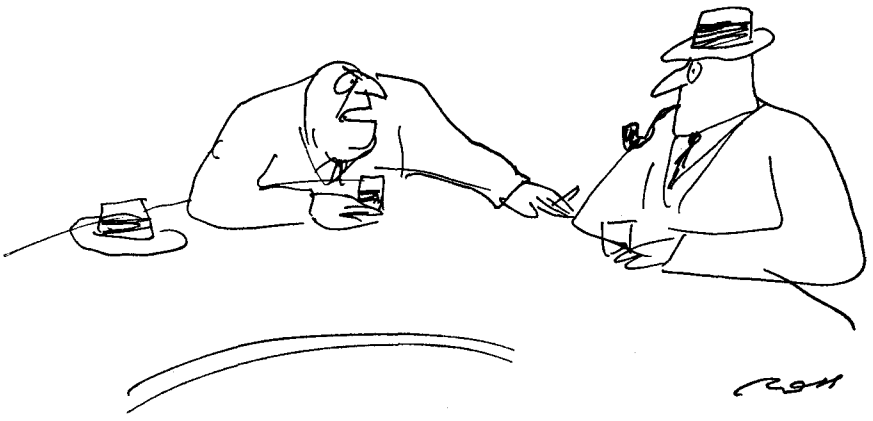
Third, the United States should reserve its economic assistance for development programs designed to produce social justice and not solely those projects aimed at economic growth. The agenda for reform of the alliance in the 1970s must be based on acceptance of fundamental change. We must reject the claims of those who would cling blindly to the status quo. The alliance must reassert the priorities of assuring the people of Latin America an adequate education, health care, and the opportunity to participate in the process of development.

In this role, the United States must be able to answer when Latin American nations question the depth of our commitment. This administration spoke of deeds that would be forthcoming to replace empty words of the past. But there have been no deeds, and the spirit of commitment that was created by our words has disappeared. The promised restructuring of our foreign assistance program—which was to come last March—has only recently surfaced. Many of our long-term development policies have been delayed as a result. Latin American leaders say our actions reflect a lack of concern for their problems and our silence a discouraging reduction in our commitment.

Land reform is perhaps the single most critical area where we must demonstrate our commitment. Agricultural production per capita declined in ten countries during the past nine years. Since 1961, the number of landless families plunged into rural poverty has outstripped the number resettled. We are falling further and further behind. There are now nine to eleven million Latin American rural families without land. The present land tenure system reflects the archaic and unjust social structure that took form after the Spanish conquest. To free the *campesino* and permit productive utilization of the land, the large estates, which spread for thousands of acres, must be divided into economically self-sustaining farms with individual or cooperative ownership. Nothing less than a thorough reformation of rural society is required.

The United States should concentrate its agricultural assistance in those countries that are carrying out such progressive programs of land reform. If, in Vietnam, a land of seventeen million, we talk of spending $400-million for land reform over the next four years, we should be able to do much more in Latin America, a continent of 270 million people. We must ensure that agricultural credit, improved seeds, chemical fertilizers, and modern farming techniques are available to the small farmer. For too long, the benefits of the "Green Revolution" have accrued solely to the hacienda owner, while the small farmer and the sharecropper have been condemned to work in the same tradition as their forefathers.

Fourth, the United States must ensure that American private investment in Latin America plays a much more positive role in the development process. In the past eight years, American business has repatriated $8.3-billion in private profits from past investments, more than three times the total of new investments. Equally serious, the repatriation of U.S. profits has been matched by a slowdown in U.S. private investment. Part of the explanation is



"The world's going nowhere, but the SST will just get us there faster!"

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that there are more attractive investment opportunities in the United States and other developed nations. However, the impact of rising nationalism has affected investment decisions. Expropriation of foreign businesses has become accepted policy for regimes anxious for popular approval. It is in the interest of the United States and Latin America to find a means to avoid the political trauma that accompanies such actions. Already, expropriation has followed military coups in Peru and Bolivia and hampered our relations with those countries.

The fall of the Belaúnde government in Peru was particularly unfortunate because of the promise it held for progressive democratic change. Like the governments of Mexico, Chile, Costa Rica, Colombia, and Venezuela, it was pledged to carry out social and economic change. For nearly his entire term in office, President Belaúnde sought a negotiated settlement with the International Petroleum Company, despite strong pressure to nationalize the oil fields. Yet, our State Department decided to put pressure on Peru and withheld funds for social and economic programs. That action weakened Belaúnde and was a crucial element that led to his overthrow. The effect of our policy was to undermine a government that had been responsive to the democratic ideals of the alliance.

To avoid similar situations we must encourage private investment that is in accord with the development goals of Latin America. The investment insurance and guarantee programs we now offer protect only the U.S. investor. But they do little to encourage Latin American private investment. They do nothing to avoid expropriation, and they do not encourage the transfer of management skills and techniques. Therefore, we should establish a series of alternative divestment procedures in which joint ventures, partial nationalization, or long-term nationalization are agreed to by the prospective U.S. investor at the outset. The Chilean experiment, for example, is a creative attempt to establish mutually beneficial investment policies.

Fifth, we must look more closely at our relationship with Cuba. In 1962, Cuba was ousted from active membership in the Organization of American States. That action was based on two indictments against the regime of Fidel Castro: Castro's call for subversion and revolution against legitimate governments of Latin America and the introduction of Soviet military influence into the Western Hemisphere.

Castro's past attempts to export his revolution have been defeated. Since the failure of the guerrilla movement in Bolivia, there has been no direct Cuban intervention reported by any Latin American nation. And the decisive actions of President Kennedy in the Cuban missile crisis removed the Soviet threat at that time.

"Oh, Mr. Burton! You're very sweet. If everybody were like you, this would be a better world."

In 1964, Venezuela brought charges of aggression against Cuba. Formal diplomatic relations were broken by all OAS members except Mexico. In addition, at our urging, an attempt was made to isolate the Cuban regime economically. The effectiveness of that policy is open to serious doubt; Mexico and Canada never respected it. Along with our West European allies, they are maintaining strong economic ties with Cuba. Last year, Cuba's trade with Western Europe increased by some $20-million. Noncommunist nations, including Japan, also have extended more than $200-million in commercial credit to Castro. This spring, Chile began an $11-million, two-year trade agreement with Havana. Even Venezuela, which originally branded Cuba an aggressor in 1964, now has called for a normalization of trade relations with Cuba.

If Latin American nations are taking the initiative in a re-examination of the current policy toward Cuba, surely the United States can do the same.

That does not mean we are about to whitewash the Castro regime or overlook the authoritarian structure that now denies liberty to the people. Such political repression should be condemned in Cuba, as it is in noncommunist states.

I suggest only that we explore taking the first step with Cuba, a review of our trade and travel restrictions. The process may be long and the response from Cuba may be unenthusiastic, but we must begin. By geography, history, and culture, Cuba is a part of the Western Hemisphere. As long as the Cuban government respects the OAS Charter's prohibition against interference in the internal affairs of other nations and does not introduce a new Soviet strategic threat, we should join our Latin American allies in exploring the quiet steps leading to Cuba's reintegration into the inter-American system.

We are starting a new decade; let us discard cold war concepts and look to the future. It is time to seek a recommitment to the spirit of the Alliance for Progress—to political freedom, social justice, and economic progress. If that spirit does not infuse our programs, we will fail no matter how much money and assistance flow across the border, or how intelligently our programs are conceived. We have the capacity, talent, and technology to help bring about the transformation of Latin America without violent and bloody disorder. But to do that, we must return to the spirit that began the decade. Nine years ago, John Kennedy challenged us to "transform the American continent into a vast crucible of revolutionary ideas and efforts—a tribute to the power of the creative energies of free men and women, an example to all the world that liberty and progress walk hand in hand." Difficult as it may be, it is time to start anew; it is time again to meet that challenge.

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The Limits of Inconsistency

Consistency under all circumstances, as Emerson reminds us, is not the ultimate virtue. Even so, some inconsistencies can make men look like fools. The same is true of government. A few troublesome examples:

1) How are we to comprehend or account for the conflicting positions of the U.S. government on cigarettes? For the past five years, the Seal of the United States has appeared on documents establishing a direct connection between cigarette smoking and serious diseases, including cancer and heart trouble. The Congress of the United States has passed laws compelling cigarette manufacturers to place danger signs on their packaged products.

Having established the fact of peril, the United States then turns around and subsidizes the peril. Tobacco growers receive hundreds of millions of dollars each year in subsidies from the public treasury. Also, the U.S. government spends large sums helping to promote the sale abroad of American goods and agricultural products, cigarette tobacco included.

No one is advocating a ban on the manufacture and sale of cigarettes. Personal habits do not easily lend themselves to prohibition. But it is absurd for the U.S. government, after making grave announcements about cigarette smoking, to help underwrite tobacco crops and to help promote sales of cigarettes abroad. It may be said that the U.S. government, which has a comprehensive agricultural aid program, should not discriminate against one category of farmers, since tobacco growing is not illegal and since the farmers cannot be held responsible for the uses to which their product is put. We do not follow the argument. It is one thing not to impose a ban on tobacco growing (although the government hasn't hesitated to put a ban on the growing of marijuana, the effects of which may or may not be more injurious than those of cigarettes), but it is quite another thing to pay farmers to grow the stuff and facilitate the sales to other countries.

2) The United States has recognized the need for an important third party to intervene in the dangerous Middle East dispute, for the purpose both of arranging a cease-fire and facilitating the negotiations. In doing so, the United States has invoked the soundest and oldest of peace-making principles. Two parties to a dispute, left unattended, become caught up in a process of increasing tension and violence. An authoritative third party is needed to keep extraneous questions and matters of national pride from blocking effective resolution of the outstanding issues.

Having called attention to the importance of this principle for others in the Middle East, the United States rejects the principle for itself in the Far East. The negotiations in Paris have dragged on for two years, during which 75,000 people have been killed. During this time, too, all the hazards and fallacies of unsuperintended negotiations have been dramatized. For many weeks, the discussions were stalled because the opposite parties couldn't agree on the shape of the table. Then they were deadlocked because one party felt insulted because the chief negotiator on the other side had a lesser diplomatic ranking than the chief negotiator on its own side. Now they are stuck on dead center because, it is said, there is no way of drawing up a list of the things to be discussed. Meanwhile, men continue to shoot and be shot.

Is it said that no acceptable third party exists? The office of the Secretary General of the United Nations is the most logical agency. If Hanoi refuses, then we might suggest a third-party committee drawn from the governments that now comprise the International Control Commission, which already exists in the area. In any event, it is a mistake to assume that all resistance on this matter comes only from Hanoi. Every attempt to invoke the third-party principle has also produced a negative reaction in Washington.

3) The U.S. government has appointed a special committee under Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge to evaluate the record of the United Nations during its first quarter-century. Ambassador Lodge has completed his study. He finds serious weaknesses in the way the United Nations is structured and in its operations. No mention is made in the report, however, of the fact that the United States, along with the Soviet Union, has steadfastly opposed all efforts to strengthen the United Nations and to give it adequate authority both to keep the peace and to attend to the common needs of the nations. Only a few days ago, the members of the U.N. General Assembly heard a dramatic and powerful plea from one of its former Presidents, General Carlos P. Romulo, Foreign Minister of the Philippines, for saving and upgrading the United Nations. General Romulo didn't confine himself to an inventory of weaknesses in the U.N. He made specific proposals for correcting those weaknesses and for giving the U.N. essential law-making and law-enforcing powers. Leading the opposition to those proposals were the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

* * *

A government is not just an officialdom but an educational enterprise. What it does has its effects, especially on the young. It should not pursue a narrow consistency, but neither should it simultaneously advocate and repudiate the same principles. The result is a mood among its citizens of cynicism and disillusion, of which there is already a dangerous superabundance.

—N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Changing Health Care

I READ with interest the several articles in the special business section "Health Care: Rx for Change" [*SR*, Aug. 22]. Two features became important as I reviewed the presentations of these noted authors. One exceedingly clear point seems to be that each of them continues the now hackneyed approach of damning everything and suggesting nothing positive in the way of reconstruction and change. . . . More important than this easy castigation is the total lack of recognition and mention by any of the authors of the most significant trend in health care today: the role and contribution, real and potential, of the allied health professional in today's health scene. These professionals engage in educational preparation, of which the practicing physician is virtually not cognizant. The allied health professionals engage in considerable depth in the study of anatomy, physiology, biochemistry, the physical sciences, the humanities, and other areas of scholarly pursuit designed to prepare them for professionally sensitive interaction with the patients who need their help. Until recently, these professionals have been trained under the aegis of the medical school education system, during which time they were, for the most part, the second-class citizens of health education. Recently, allied health professionals have emerged as a group to be reckoned with via the establishment of colleges of allied health professions wherein their educational needs are the primary objective of the educational program second only to the basic issue of preparing them for the better delivery of health care to all people.

The crux of the issue is in the long-standing disinterest and position of ignorance of the physician relative to these health workers. The issues of physician assistant and the whole armada of new health professions emerging might well be reduced in intensity and importance if those in the forefront of the health field were to openly recognize and actively support programs and professionals in the allied health field.

My plea, then, is for better patient care; for a new direction; for a discontinuance of the hackneyed and unproductive emphasis on production of more physicians in favor of and concentration on developing new patterns of health care, in which the allied health professional will be used to the maximum of his most promising potential.

F. L. HUSTED, ED.D.,
Dean,
College of Allied Health Professions,
Temple University,
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SERIES of articles on problems of health care omits a cogent factor affecting modern medicine: the impact of malpractice in medical care. In recent years, very large judgments have been awarded to patients as a result of a physician's or hospital's "malpractice"—over a million dollars in some instances. Many companies insuring doctors have left the field, and the few that remain have raised their premiums to offset the high awards and the cost of legal counsel. Today, the doctor's annual premium is one of his largest expenses, in many cases exceeding his office rental. Many doctors have retired rather than pay the thousands of dollars; many others do not enter the private practice of medicine because of these high costs. As a result, physicians qualified and willing are deterred and discouraged from caring for the public, contributing to the doctor shortage. With the cost of premiums increasing every year, far higher than living costs or hospital costs, without any tendency to slow down, this factor will be more important in the years to come.

As a result of the threat of malpractice, physicians have begun to practice "defensive medicine." Additional lab tests, X-rays, and consultations are obtained, not for the benefit of the patient, but for the protection of the physician, so that if he is accused of missing something, there is evidence to the contrary. The additional financial burden placed upon the patient for these tests, reflected by the rise in insurance rates, increases the resentment of the patient toward the hospital and physician, causing him to look closer to see if there is any possible ground for malpractice, thus accelerating the cycle.

Malpractice suits continue to increase. Most are settled out of court, for even vindication of the physician is a Pyrrhic victory, with the cost of defense thousands of dollars. Today, the physician is beginning to think not "What can I do for my patient?" but "What is my patient out to do to me?"

STANLEY M. HANFLING, M.D.,
San Mateo, Calif.

THE SPECIAL SECTION on health care was timely, but ignores the fact that 20 per cent of Americans, or 40 million, use chiropractic and many others use naturopathic and homeopathic therapies, which would have to be included in a national health insurance program.

PAULINE JOHNSON,
Professor of Art Education,
University of Washington,
Seattle, Wash.

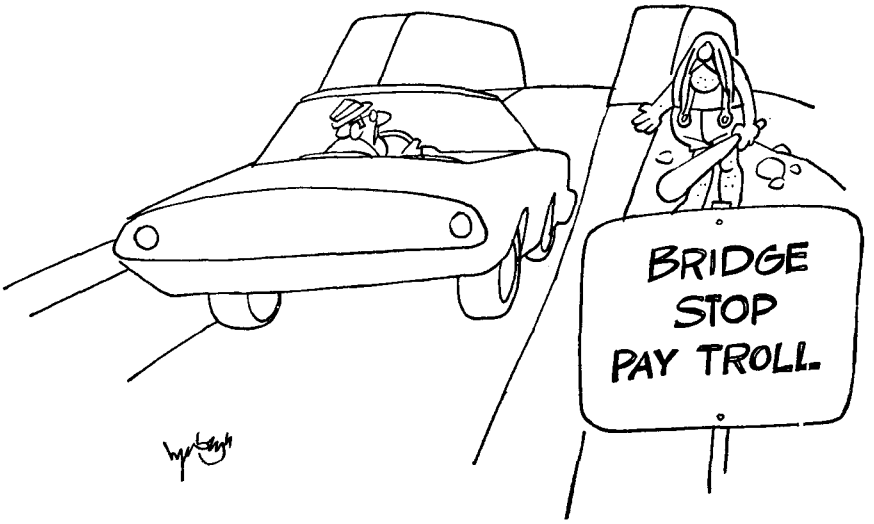
N.C.'s editorial "Can Doctors Cause Disease?" is timely, inclusive, and courageous. Doctors can and do cause disease, but it is due to ignorance and arrogance. Most of them consider medicine a science despite a new wonder drug every few years that causes much damage before it is superseded. Science is the magic word and key to this century. It is equated with the tool of technology, which in turn is equated with truth.

The height of the "medical discipline" in surgery seems to be organ transplants. The basic questions are not even asked. I refer to the recent case of a heart transplant [in which] the very selfsame disease for which the transplant was done, namely coronary atheroma, a degenerative process, appeared in the transplanted heart only nineteen months after surgery. The transplanted heart was free of this disease at the time of surgery. Until the cause is known, this process could just go on and on. It would seem the pain and inconvenience is not worth the price personally to the patient to just more or less vegetate for a few months or a few years. And how can a family in this age pay for such showmanship?

RETA ADAMS, M.D.,
Hot Springs, Ark.

THE UNCHARITABLE and inaccurate reference to Samuel Hahnemann by N. C. in his editorial "Can Doctors Cause Disease?" impels me to Hahnemann's defense. He did not advocate "giving patients more of whatever poison was supposed to be troubling them," and he did not recommend "gizzard-wrenching purgatives." He was violently opposed to the bloodletting and the purging that constituted the basis of treatment of his day. He gave his patients

(*Continued on page 49*)



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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Stravinsky's "Les Noces"; Penderecki's "Utrenja"

LEONARD BERNSTEIN and the New York Philharmonic had one of the great evenings of their long association in the second of his current "guest" appearances. It was compounded, in a long and honorable tradition, of the elements that make for interpretative greatness—a well-conceived program admirably executed. That it included, among its elements, Stravinsky's infrequently heard *Les Noces* in all its bruising impact compounded interest.

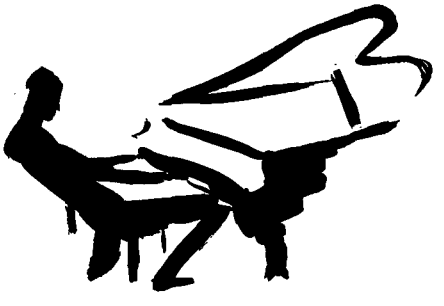
The reason why *Les Noces* is seldom included in programs of symphony orchestras has nothing to do with musical merit, but everything to do with labor relations. It is scored for an ensemble of four pianos, a vocal quartet and chorus, plus a choir of percussion, a modest *Besetzung* that can bring a smile to the face of a cost-conscious ballet impresario. It is, however, not an orchestra manager's idea of the way to make frugal use of the fourscore and more who make up a symphony orchestra. But it is the way to enlarge the concert hall literature.

It is also the way to render tribute where tribute is due. For those versed in mid-century musical trends, reference to a vocal ensemble, a choir of percussion, and a quartet of pianos will, invariably, invoke an association with Carl Orff. Stravinsky not only originated such a collision of sounds, with all their acoustical freshness and verve, a full fifty years ago, he also mated them with the insistent chanting, the staccato rhythmic pulsations, and the jarring breaks in continuity exploited by Orff, especially in *Carmina Burana.*

Those who have had the chance, now and then, to see *Les Noces* on the dance stage (for which it was written) know that it is almost as stimulating to see as to hear. As is frequently the case, there was little occasion to deplore the absence of action when Bernstein is the conductor; but the measured frenzy with which the imagery and ritual of the Russian peasant wedding were evoked provided enough stimulation to the ear to make imaginary pictures for the eye as well. Perhaps there was even too much hammer as well as tongs in the performance, for Bernstein felt prompted to provide microphones and amplification for the solo voices (Mildred Allen, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo; Richard Shadley, tenor; and William Metcalf, baritone). This imbalance could have been redressed better by adjusting the instrumental output from the conductor's desk. Amplification invests the singers with the vocal chords of a Gargantua in circumstances where naturalism, not electronics, is of the first importance. It should, in any case, not be viewed as the kind of acoustical permissiveness that can be cited as a precedent.

Such a score as *Les Noces* is to Bernstein as Haydn is to some other conductors, and he reaped the rewards, in applause, that his effort merited. But Haydn is also to Bernstein as Stravinsky is, as he demonstrated in the endlessly enchanting Symphony No. 99 (in E flat). Strategically placed at the evening's opening, the Haydn not only provided diversion in itself but made a perfect prologue to the totally different kind of sound that followed in *Les Noces.* This, in turn, left the unused strings and winds fresh and ready for the third work of the evening, Strauss's *Also sprach Zarathustra.*

By contrast with some conductors who conceive *Zarathustra* as a ponderous essay in Nietzschean philosophy or an exercise in orchestral virtuosity, Bernstein projected a view of it wholly musical. There was, to be sure, great virtuosity in the orchestral execution as there, were probably, some Nietzschean implications here and there. But it was remarkable, among a long list of *Zarathustras,* for its delicacy as well as its power, its clarity of line and sensitivity of detail, its transparency of texture and interrelation of elements. Above all, it did not wear out its welcome (through the usual overblown climaxes) before the double fugue, a tribute in itself to Bernstein's comprehension of pace and contrast, balance and proportion. Taken together—as all too few orchestral programs these days can be "taken together"—the Haydn-Stravinsky-Strauss sequence demanded, for a successful outcome, a trinity of affinities that only a master conductor, which Bernstein has now become, can command.



In the phases of musical revelation that Krzysztof Penderecki has undergone since the first fervent proclamations of his *Passion According to St. Luke* a few years ago, he has successively shown himself to be less in the vanguard of his own parade than a subaltern in the legions of the avant-garde. As a successor to his opera on *The Devils of Loudun,* the *Utrenja* ("Morning Prayer") introduced in Philharmonic Hall by Eugene Ormandy displayed even more dependence on the vices as well as the devices of chance, free choice by the chorus of how the text assigned to them was to be articulated, and other improvisatory options that reduce the composer's direct responsibility for what is heard.

What was heard was, in no small measure, spiritually complementary to the *Passion* previously mentioned. According to annotator John Briggs: "In the *Passion* we see Christ crucified; in *Utrenja* we see his burial." This allusion by Briggs to the metaphors of the eye rather than the ear may not be wholly unconscious. What Penderecki has done, the composer explains, is to visit widely in Russia and Bulgaria in quest of authentic source material of the Eastern Orthodox Church. What he has evoked in his score are the atmosphere and excitement of such a service rather than an esthetic paraphrase of it. It thus leans more toward the "photographic" rendering of the subject matter than to the esthetic transformation of it as, for example, Rimsky achieved in his *Grande Pâque Russe* ("Russian Easter Overture").

The first performance of *Utrenja* was given last April in the Cathedral of Altenberg, near Cologne, where the antiphonal choruses (one on the stage of Philharmonic Hall, the other in the back of the top balcony) doubtless had a profound effect. That is the predestined milieu for *Utrenja,* assuming that the virtuosity of the Temple University Choir has developed in cantillation and articulation of the melismatic vocal line can be duplicated in a church, or basses with the vocal techniques of Peter Lagger and Bernard Ladysz enlisted. The other soloists, who had rather less to do, were Kerstin Meyer, mezzo; Stefania Woytowicz, soprano; and Seth McCoy, a tenor who showed a remarkable command of falsetto. If mention of The Philadelphia Orchestra has been deferred to last, it is because it was also of least influence on the outcome. The scoring left many of its members sitting idly for considerable stretches of time.

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Innocence: The Essence of the American Heartland

by EMMET JOHN HUGHES

THE CONSCIENCE OF A MAJORITY

by Barry Goldwater

Prentice-Hall, 248 pp., $7.95

THE REAL MAJORITY: An Extraordinary Examination of the American Electorate

by Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg

Coward-McCann, 347 pp., $7.95

The Republican Party has almost never suffered, in modern times, from one particular kind of inconsistency that often afflicts its Democratic opponents. The dilemma was most succinctly diagnosed for me, shortly after the Democrats' disastrous defeat in 1956, by a veteran Democratic leader from Pennsylvania, the late James A. Finnegan. He had served as manager of the Stevenson campaign, while I had been working in the White House on the speeches of President Eisenhower. When we finally met and inevitably reminisced on the recent election, we agreed that the whole Democratic campaign would well serve future Presidential candidates as an almost matchless example of all the strategies most sure to lose a national election. What had gone so spectacularly wrong? It was quite simple, Mr. Finnegan explained crisply: "All our goddam intellectuals wanted to make like politicians, and all our goddam politicians wanted to sound like intellectuals."

Through most of the years since the New Deal, the GOP has spared itself this special form of internal confusion by a rather perverse means. It has largely denied welcome to any nettlesome intruders from the academic and intellectual communities who dare to seek positions of influence. Seared by the memory of Franklin Roosevelt's "brain trust," the party's national leaders, in conversation among themselves, almost habitually use words like "intellectuals" or "professors" as terms of abuse, along with such tarter synonyms as "eggheads" and "pseudo-thinkers" and "double-domes." I once heard a high official of the Republican Committee deride the voluntary services of a distinguished scholar with the kind of assertion that successfully smothers rational discourse: "Hell, all *he's* got to offer is *ideas*."

This impassioned anti-intellectual heritage suggests how little new or remarkable there is in the fulminations of Vice President Spiro Agnew against universities, teachers, students, and kindred quixotic citizens who presume to dabble in learning. Admittedly, the Vice President is both more candid and more crude in speech than most of his anti-intellectual forebears. But even his polysyllabic philippics are only expurgated versions of the judgments passed upon American "thinkers" when the glasses clink and the epithets fly during almost any relaxed social hour shared by the men in or near the White House of President Richard Nixon.

The practical political cost of this Republican contempt for the intellectual and academic worlds may, of course, be sharply argued. For one thing, there may be no professional group—with the clear exception of journalists—so susceptible as academi-

EMMET JOHN HUGHES, professor of politics at Rutgers University, wrote *The Ordeal of Power*, a memoir of his association with the Eisenhower Administration.

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cians to exaggerating the importance of their opinions on current politics. There are also a fair number of Democratic politicians who fervently wish that they could, as in professional baseball, put certain loyalists on waivers, in the hope that the Republicans might pick up an Arthur Schlesinger or a John Kenneth Galbraith to confuse their councils. But any dispassionate historian of American politics since World War II must cite, as one of the GOP's chronic weaknesses, its persistent poverty of ideas. And this must largely account for the sluggishness—or the shallowness—of Republicanism's responses to both the dilemmas and the dreams of an age of revolutionary change, its mistaking of platitudes for principles, its confusing of a sense of nostalgia with a sense of history.

The plainest proof of this poverty has been the striking absence from the American scene of either a truly coherent conservative philosophy or—since the death of Robert A. Taft—a national leader capable of defining and voicing one. Dramatically dissimilar though they be, our two postwar Republican Presidents, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Richard M. Nixon, have this much in common: neither could be accused of being a serious spokesman for conservative thought. Whatever the final judgment of Mr. Nixon as President, it seems safe to assume that future historians will not hold him in awe as a creative thinker or conservative philosopher or political innovator (as distinct from improviser).

The conservative credo of Eisenhower, like so much of his Presidential behavior, must be appraised as almost completely a matter of instinct rather than intellect. All the simplistic tenets of his faith could have been culled from the most banal Republican speeches of the 1920s: the goodness of government frugality and the badness of government bureaucracy, the beauty of free enterprise and the virtue of individual initiative, and the beguiling myth that the "best" government is government "closest to the people"—as if municipal governments and political machines did not commonly surpass both state and national government in ruthlessness and corruption.

A single episode on the night of Eisenhower's victory in 1952 probably tells as much as all his public addresses about his sense of politics and history. His first act, only two or three minutes after his election was assured, was to telephone Herbert Hoover so that the two could share the moment. Anyone who was with Eisenhower during that conversation (as I chanced to be) must have realized that the President-elect—who would expound and personify "modern" Republicanism—was peering at history from a remarkable angle. He saw his triumph as a vindication of the Republicanism of 1928, an affirmation of its present relevance and its future vigor.

Two decades and three Presidents later, the political scene has come to resound with proclamations of an allegedly new fact of national life: the advent of a Republican majority. The supposed event has, of course, had many heralds. In 1968 a bright young ethnologist named Kevin Phillips brandished his charts in a book celebrating *The Emerging Republican Majority* and concluding, in effect, that Senator Barry Goldwater had loosely defined a sound political strategy for the GOP when he suggested that American life would improve "if the Atlantic Seaboard were to be sawed off and allowed to float out to sea." In terms of this strategy, which places special emphasis on the South, the GOP could (according to Mr. Phillips) well afford to ignore the Northeast, with its overpopulation of intellectuals, Jews, Negroes, journalists, and TV commentators. Nor has the youthful Mr. Phillips been dismayed by talk of the "revolution" of youth. He told *The New York Times* earlier this year: "Forget Harvard and Columbia. . . . Concentrate on the kid working his way through Eastern Kentucky University. . . . Out there the jukeboxes don't play 'New World Coming'. . . . In the heartland it's all Agnew put to music." Meanwhile, the President and the Vice President themselves have been alerting the nation to their benign vision of the Silent Majority, which they greet with the kind of reverence medieval believers reserved for the apparition of a saint from heaven.

Now, as seems most fitting and timely, Senator Goldwater has commemorated the tenth anniversary of his first political book, *The Conscience of a Conservative*, with a new volume whose title exults in *The Conscience of a Majority*. The verbal substitution neatly conveys the Arizona Senator's assessment of the meaning and the portent of all that happened to America during the 1960s.

There are various reasons why Senator Goldwater, in any contest among current Republican leaders, could be overwhelmingly voted "the most difficult to write about." Above all is the contrast—both in style and in substance—between what he is and what he says. Goldwater is a thoroughly decent and conscientious citizen, a man of generous instincts, personal charm, and authentic patriotism. But what he says has tended over the years to be ungenerously partisan, slackly reasoned and astonishingly parochial. Too often, there also recurs an almost unfathomable contradiction between what he says and what he thinks he said—a discrepancy the Senator generally accounts for by blaming a malevolent press. And, further to confuse the matter, any watcher of the Washington scene becomes conscious of the rather anomalous relationship between the man who led his party to a memorable defeat in 1964 and the one who led it to a narrow victory in 1968. Without doubt, of course, the President is conspicuously the more skillful, more prudent, more articulate, and more

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

FIRST THINGS FIRST

In Column One, Margaret E. Durham of Minneapolis lists the first published novels of fifteen American and British authors. For each of them you are to choose from Column Two a well-known novel by the same author. Check your connections on page 31.

1. *Aissa Saved* ( )
2. *Alexander's Bridge* ( )
3. *Almayer's Folly* ( )
4. *Cup of Gold* ( )
5. *A Daughter of the Snows* ( )
6. *Desperate Remedies* ( )
7. *The Eagle's Shadow* ( )
8. *East Wind, West Wind* ( )
9. *Jocelyn* ( )
10. *Liza of Lambeth* ( )
11. *Our Mr. Wrenn* ( )
12. *Precaution* ( )
13. *Soldier's Pay* ( )
14. *The Torrents of Spring* ( )
15. *Watch and Ward* ( )

a. *Cakes and Ale*
b. *The Cream of the Jest*
c. *The Good Earth*
d. *The Hamlet*
e. *The Horse's Mouth*
f. *It Can't Happen Here*
g. *Jude the Obscure*
h. *A Lost Lady*
i. *The Man of Property*
j. *Martin Eden*
k. *Nostromo*
l. *The Pearl*
m. *The Princess Casamassima*
n. *The Spy*
o. *To Have and Have Not*

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thoughtful politician. But it is the Senator who appears to be more candid in speech and more constant in conviction.

Something of all this carries over into Mr. Goldwater's private view of his own place and Mr. Nixon's in Republican history. On the one hand, explaining to friends his political goal in 1964 when he had no hope of winning, he will say: "I felt I had to keep the Party from falling into the hands of a liberal like Rocky or Scranton—and save it for Nixon in '68." On the other hand, this man who sees himself, with some reason, as the GOP's leading ideologue of the 1960s, will describe the President thus: "Well, you know Dick. He's always been a hard guy to pin down—like trying to jab your finger on a spot of oil and make it stay put."

Both the timing and the authorship of *The Conscience of a Majority*, therefore, make it a document of more than trivial interest. For here speaks the country's best-known popularizer, if not philosopher, of conservative thought. He stands unchallenged in this eminence now that the far more intellectually sophisticated William F. Buckley has forsworn any serious effort to give a modern structure to conservative political thought, settling instead for the dual role of Republican court jester and the tame reactionary most welcome in the salons of New York's Park Avenue liberals. What, then, does this conservative evangelist —speaking for his dedicatedly anti-intellectual constituency—have to say?

Let it be recorded that in the course of 248 pages the Senator scores a few entirely fair and valid points for his side. He scarcely exaggerates the confusion caused by the proliferation of overlapping federal programs of assistance to state and local governments. He quite legitimately (and even temperately) charges former President Lyndon Johnson with lack of candor about Southeast Asia throughout the 1964 campaign. Goldwater is basically right in his indictment of some labor unions for their tenacious anti-black bias. He has much history on his side when he taunts liberal critics of the Nixon administration for their cry that the Spiro Agnews and the John Mitchells are wickedly "polarizing" American politics, since 1) "polarizing" is little more than a dirty word for lively partisan dispute, and 2) no group in modern American politics ever "polarized" the country more cunningly than the New Deal Democrats. And he is refreshingly independent in his tribute to the young people so distrusted by the Agnews and the Mitchells: "This generation of American youth does not worry me. In fact, I think it is the best generation I have encountered in my lifetime." No one can accuse Senator Goldwater of gathering all his data on contemporary American life at Martha Mitchell's dinner table.

Unfortunately, this exhausts the list of respectful things that can be said about the Senator's latest preachment. The remainder of his remarks can only be described as regrettable. Perhaps it is not astonishing that one who suffered so much critical (and sometimes abusive) treatment from the news media now maintains that Vice President Agnew's attack on television news coverage "didn't go nearly far enough." Perhaps it is not incredible that a United States Senator could unsmilingly identify Joseph Alsop as a columnist with "an almost automatic sympathy for liberal causes." Perhaps it is not remarkable that so passionate a believer in the American military still insists that the agonizing conflict in Southeast Asia could long ago have been resolved if only we had dispatched "the entire strategic air fleet and United States Navy" to the vicinity, thereby assuring that " the government of North Vietnam would have gotten the message." But . . . .

It appears at least mildly astonishing that the nation's most renowned evangelist of conservatism should have entirely missed so many messages from the turmoil that surrounds us. Goldwater has compiled this report on the state of the American nation, for example, without a single suggestion that the whole operation of the two-party system—not merely the omniscience of Republicans—has come under strong and skeptical scrutiny. He has also managed to discuss the rebellion of millions of Americans against authority on various fronts, from cluttered ghettos to ivied universities, without mentioning that similar challenges are taking place all over the world. He thereby conveys the notion that the unrest and upheaval in American society amount to little more than a kind of national acne, for whose cure any straight-talking, no-nonsense, law-loving Republican leadership can prescribe the quick-cure salve.

The Goldwater gospel, however, betrays an irony even more striking than its anti-intellectual and antihistorical

"Martha, I think we've all been blown to kingdom come."

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bias. As it evolves, it paradoxically develops an anticonservative thrust. No tradition in American politics is more venerable than that of civilian control of military decisions, yet the Senator again and again deplores what he calls a "Civilian Complex" invading the rights and twisting the judgments of a "Military-Industrial Complex" which he only wishes were "more powerful." There are few anomalies in the Goldwater-Agnew political perspective more confounding than their simultaneous castigating of *public* power ("governmental encroachment") and their cheering of *police* power ("law enforcement"). The Arizona Senator carries even this confusion a giant step further: naturally, the conscience of this conservative exalts "the police" as "the very guardians of freedom"; but when the freedom at stake is the civil rights of black Americans, the values radically change. "Force," the Senator explains, "is not the answer, whether it be by act of Congress, by court ruling, *or by a local police chief*. Force does nothing but engender counterforce." By such a double standard there is no escaping the cynical conclusion that the police power of the state must be invoked against all rioters but against no racists. As the late Mr. Finnegan might note, this desperately snarled reasoning is about what we might expect from politicians attempting to sound like intellectuals.

Nonetheless, from this conservative's view of American life one important judgment finally emerges that is entirely clear and coherent: the meaning and the promise of the 1960s.

The decade witnessed, by this account, what Barry Goldwater hails as the "awakening" of the American conscience—a national return to "the proven values of the past," as the vast Silent Majority of Middle Americans found voice and courage. The historic change does not date from 1968. Instead, Goldwater traces its origins to his own manifesto of Republican principles in 1961, when he specifically exhorted "the silent Americans" to rise against the encroachments of big government. A long-suffering host, they had "had it up to their eyebrows" with "three and a half decades of liberal performance" (an accounting that condemns the Eisenhower years, too, as part of the "liberal" age now dead). Out of this disenchantment rose "the conservative revolution," and its headlong momentum was only briefly checked by the emotional aftermath to John Kennedy's assassination in 1963. As crime became the national issue of greatest concern, and the average citizen "had a noseful" of the "overweening" concern of "liberals" for "the

(*Continued on page* 38)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Lone Eagle as Dove

WHILE HIS REVIEW of *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* [*SR*, Oct. 3] appears fair enough, Barry Goldwater doesn't have a good memory of World War II history. The America First Committee didn't get going until after June 10, 1940, and Goldwater's "thereafter . . . . the war developed rapidly and with it Lindbergh's desire to help the United States grew and grew," leads most to think Lindbergh was going over our aviation problems, when actually he was going from one America First rally to another pleading with the U.S. to stay out of the war. I had the very great honor of meeting him after our last rally in November 1941. He was a greater hero to me for taking the unpopular side than when he flew the Atlantic alone.

Goldwater is too much of a hawk. Our Lone Eagle is, in reality, a dove, like his father before him.

YONE U. STAFFORD,
West Chatham, Mass.

I AM SHOCKED AND DISGUSTED over Senator Barry Goldwater's review. If Lindbergh lacked (and still lacks) anything, it is "uncanny foresight." Senator Goldwater seems quite impressed with Lindbergh's ability in cutting down on vibration in his plane. But no mention of his anti-Semitism! Apparently that doesn't bother the Senator from Arizona.

GEORGE COHEN,
Evanston, Ill.

Proper Study

THE RECENT CORRESPONDENCE in BOOK FORUM addressed to Josephine Hendin's review of four novels [*SR*, Aug. 22] leaves me increasingly perplexed. I'd assumed that it was generally acknowledged that the proper study of mankind-in-literature was *man*-in-literature, and, accordingly, that the failure of a fictional character to engage the reader would be more likely to indicate a flaw in the work itself than in the ethical standards of its audience. Moreover, I'd believed that the stature of a writer depended largely upon his ability to involve his readers in the experiences of imaginary people who were very different from themselves, characters whose lifestyles were strange, whose regions were alien, yet, thanks to the author's skill, entirely credible.

Are these concepts outmoded? Unless they are, for Al Young to defend his book *Snakes* against the critic's view of it as one among those "novels that are too 'nice' to look searchingly at human conflict or passion . . ." by asserting that Mrs. Hendin cannot possibly understand authors who " . . . have dared to write freely about Afro-American life in our own unalterable ways . . ." is to disprove his argument instantly: in fact, reflexively. Does Mr. Young actually think that to write "freely" is to write *well*? Automatically? Or does he believe that his particular heredity has endowed him with special gifts, equally automatically, that others cannot so much as earn? Russians have written freely and well about other Russians in another era, books which modern Americans still read with pleasure; and people today are still responsive to plays written by Greeks about Greeks in another age altogether.

LEONORA G. HAHN,
New York, N.Y.

Bonus March

IN HIS REVIEW of Vol. I of *The Years of MacArthur* [*SR*, Sept. 19] Forrest C. Pogue states that the author, D. Clayton James, could find no basis in fact for General MacArthur's conviction that the aftermath of the bonus march of 1932 was a Communist assault against the federal government.

Professor James didn't do his homework very well. Benjamin Gitlow, one of the organizers of the American Communist Party and twice its candidate for Vice President before he broke with Stalin, told in his book *The Whole of Their Lives* (Scribners, 1948) how the Communists were instructed to seize control of the bonus march after it had gotten under way.

RALPH J. DONALDSON,
Cleveland Heights, O.

Lifeguard!

I WAS SO GLAD TO READ in Raphael Patai's review of John M. Allegro's *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross* [*SR*, Sept. 19] the truth about Allegro's "monomaniacal obsession that makes him invent and accept as facts the most farfetched, tenuous, and often impossible philological comparisons and derivations" between very ancient Sumer and less ancient Jewish and Christian cultures and religious symbolism. It is one thing to say that early fertility cults account for many biblical religious symbols and symbolic acts; but to say that sexual symbolism is *all* there is to religion is so far off the deep end that I am afraid to swim way out there!

ALBERT G. HAHN,
Lakewood, Colo.

Restriction

I HAVE NOT READ Bertha L. Knapp's *Jean Cocteau*, but as a Twayne author myself (*Thomas Moore*) I think it is only fair to point out to Tom Bishop [*SR*, Sept. 19] that some of his objections to her book are not her fault. Books in the Twayne series have to be written according to a strict blueprint. We are allowed only one biographical chapter, and even that must be related to the subject's work.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD,
San Francisco, Calif.

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"R.F.K. MUST DIE!": A History of the Robert Kennedy Assassination and Its Aftermath

by Robert Blair Kaiser

Dutton, 634 pp., $9.95

THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY: The Reasons Why

by Albert H. Newman

Clarkson N. Potter, 622 pp., $10

Reviewed by Fred J. Cook

■An ominous cloud stemming from the unprecedented series of assassinations in the 1960s hangs over American political life, and all evidence indicates no amount of wishful thinking will wash it away. We have been told time and again that President John F. Kennedy, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Robert F. Kennedy were each murdered by a single deranged man, each operating alone, and that in none of these cases was there any evidence of conspiracy.

But facts that will not die continue to cast doubt on the comfortable official rationalizations. And each new book, on one assassination or another, raises the old disturbing questions—and poses new ones.

These two volumes in their different ways illustrate the process. Albert H. Newman, who scorns the works of all critics of the Warren Report, sets out to show that Lee Harvey Oswald, alone and unaided, assassinated President Kennedy, motivated solely by a fanatic Castro-Communist ideology. But his own researches lead him to conclude that Oswald did have co-conspirators in the prior attempt to assassinate ultra-rightist General Edwin L. Walker. He demonstrates that Oswald must have had contacts and associations never uncovered in the slipshod official investigations, and, in the end, his reconstruction of the events of that tragic day in Dallas reduces largely to the tricky process of trying to read from his own vantage point what was in the unfathomable mind of Oswald.

Robert Blair Kaiser's book is far more important, a kind of tour de force. One comes to it with a certain suspicion. Kaiser, it will be recalled, is the Los Angeles journalist who signed a contract with Sirhan Sirhan that gave him exclusive rights to Sirhan's story. He split his earnings with Sirhan, providing thousands of dollars for Sirhan's defense. In the circumstances, one anticipates that this will be another one-sided, "authorized" version of events, but it is not. It is an honest book, one that so enraged Sirhan he tried to stop its publication; and, simply because Kaiser did have a unique inside vantage point, he is able to develop step by step the portrait of a character so weird he baffled psychiatrists, his own attorneys, and perhaps, in the end, even himself.

Kaiser builds the scene of what happened in that narrow, crowded kitchen behind the Ambassador Hotel ballroom in the early hours of June 5, 1968. Through eyewitnesses, he describes how a triumphant Robert Kennedy was rushed through the narrow, connecting passageway at a pace that outstripped his guards; how suddenly the thin, wiry Sirhan stepped forward, drawing his .22 caliber revolver; how he began to shoot; how he was tackled, thrown back against a metal table; how—his small body possessed of some frenzied, superhuman strength—he continued to fire, wounding five others besides Kennedy; how it took the combined efforts of a whole wave of rugged defenders to wrest the spent revolver from the iron grasp of this runt of a man.

Kaiser is no all-out conspiracy buff. He tries simply to present the facts as he found them. Not until almost the

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end of his story does he attempt any deep interpretation of those facts. He reports, for example, that eyewitnesses placed Sirhan about a yard away from Kennedy when be began to fire. It was close—but not close enough. The fatal wound, inflicted behind the right ear, seared the ear and neck with powder burns. Los Angeles police in subsequent tests with Sirhan's .22 decided such burns could be caused only if the gun were held almost against the skin, approximately one inch from Kennedy's head.

This discrepancy forms one of the major props of a citizen's suit filed in Los Angeles Superior Court this year, alleging that the fatal shot was fired, not by Sirhan, but by a man dressed as a guard who was seen holstering his own gun immediately after the shooting. Kaiser does not go into this. He accepts the Los Angeles police department's version that Sirhan alone did the shooting, though he accepts little else about the police investigation. Kaiser's preoccupation is with Sirhan himself, and the question that increasingly fascinates him is this: Was Sirhan his own man or the primed instrument of someone else?

If Sirhan was his own man, what was his motive? This weedy Arab refugee who had fired his gun in such a frenzy is the man who later said of Kennedy: "I'd vote for him for God." And: "I wish he were alive, sir, just to be President." Sirhan at his trial, responding to a psychotic need to picture himself as a hero, declaimed that he was an Arab patriot who had killed Kennedy because Kennedy had promised to send jet fighters to Israel. But Kaiser shows that Kennedy did not say this until May 26 (and in a virtually unreported speech at that)—and Sirhan had written in one of his notebooks on May 18, "R.F.K. must die!"

Those notebooks with their repeated assassination incantations represent another conundrum. Sirhan coolly insisted that he had no recollection of writing these injunctions to himself, though the handwriting was unmistakably his. How, then, had the words come to be written? Had Sirhan written them under hypnosis? Whenever anyone tried to get answers to such questions, a wall went up. Sirhan changed the conversation or he just wasn't talking.

Kaiser finds it significant, even if the authorities did not, that the "R.F.K. must die" adjurations are always accompanied by a mysterious mention of money. They would be followed by checklike scribblings. "Please pay to the order of Sirhan." One such message read: "Please pay to the order of Sirhan Sirhan the the the the amount of 15 15 15 death life 15. $15,000. Must die. Die. Die. Die. Dollar sign. Life and death." Kaiser finds it exceedingly strange that such phrases "appeared nowhere else in the notebook—only on the 'Kennedy pages.'" And he finds it stranger still that Sirhan also wrote as if "he was repeating instructions to forget any promises of money: 'I never heard please pay to the order of of of . . . this or that 80000.'" Kaiser adds: "Sirhan never could explain the references in his notebook to money. But where did the instructions come from? Sirhan or another?"

There are additional indications that Sirhan was acting under some kind of mysterious influence. After his arrest, a policeman beamed a flashlight into his eyes and found the pupils "were dilated and remained so . . . an indication that the gunman was either drunk or drugged." Later, when Sirhan was in his jail cell, a prison doctor saw him hunch his shoulders and go into a mild shivering fit—a reaction that assumed importance later when a psychiatrist determined that this was precisely what happened every time Sirhan came out of hypnosis.

Dr. Bernard L. Diamond was the psychiatrist who probed Sirhan most deeply. He discovered that Sirhan was extremely susceptible to hypnosis. Under hypnosis he would write phrases identical to those found in his notebooks. Diamond also demonstrated that Sirhan would carry out a post-hypnotic suggestion. On one occasion, he instructed Sirhan to climb the bars of his cell after he came out of the hypnotic trance. Sirhan obeyed the order to the letter. And then finding himself, much to his own surprise, clinging to the bars, he explained that he was just exercising.

But Dr. Diamond's efforts to discover the reasons why failed. Even under hypnosis, Sirhan could not recall any of the events of the shooting. Under hypnosis he wrote as if Kennedy still lived; for him, Kennedy was not dead. There were strange, perhaps telltale blocks. Diamond asked him: "Did you think this all up by yourself?" Sirhan paused for five seconds, then answered: "Yes." Again, Diamond asked him: "Are you the only person involved in Kennedy's shooting?" There was another three-second pause before Sirhan answered: "Yes." As Kaiser notes, one of the most sinister aspects of hypnosis is that a subject can be programed to act—and programed to blot out of his mind all recollection of how he came to act and who instructed him.

On the investigative side, there was the mystery of the "polka-dot dress" girl. Sandra Serrano, a Kennedy worker, told authorities that this girl, accompanied by a man, came running down a fire escape after the shooting, crying: "We've shot him, we've shot him!" There were other witnesses, including Thomas Vincent DiPierro, son of one of the *maître d*'s at the Ambassador, who corroborated her story. But Los Angeles police could not locate any such girl. Baffled, resentful of the unceasing queries about her, they went to extreme lengths, playing off one witness against another, suggesting that what one witness said had been suggested to him by another, until they finally proclaimed in triumph that the polka-dot dress girl never existed. The handling of DiPierro especially incenses Kaiser. He finds DiPierro was one of the most accurate eyewitnesses; his story was exact and credible in every respect—but the police had to discredit him about the girl. There were other witnesses, credible witnesses, Kaiser finds, who had seen Sirhan, in the days before the assas-

"Charlie! Where do you want the computer?"

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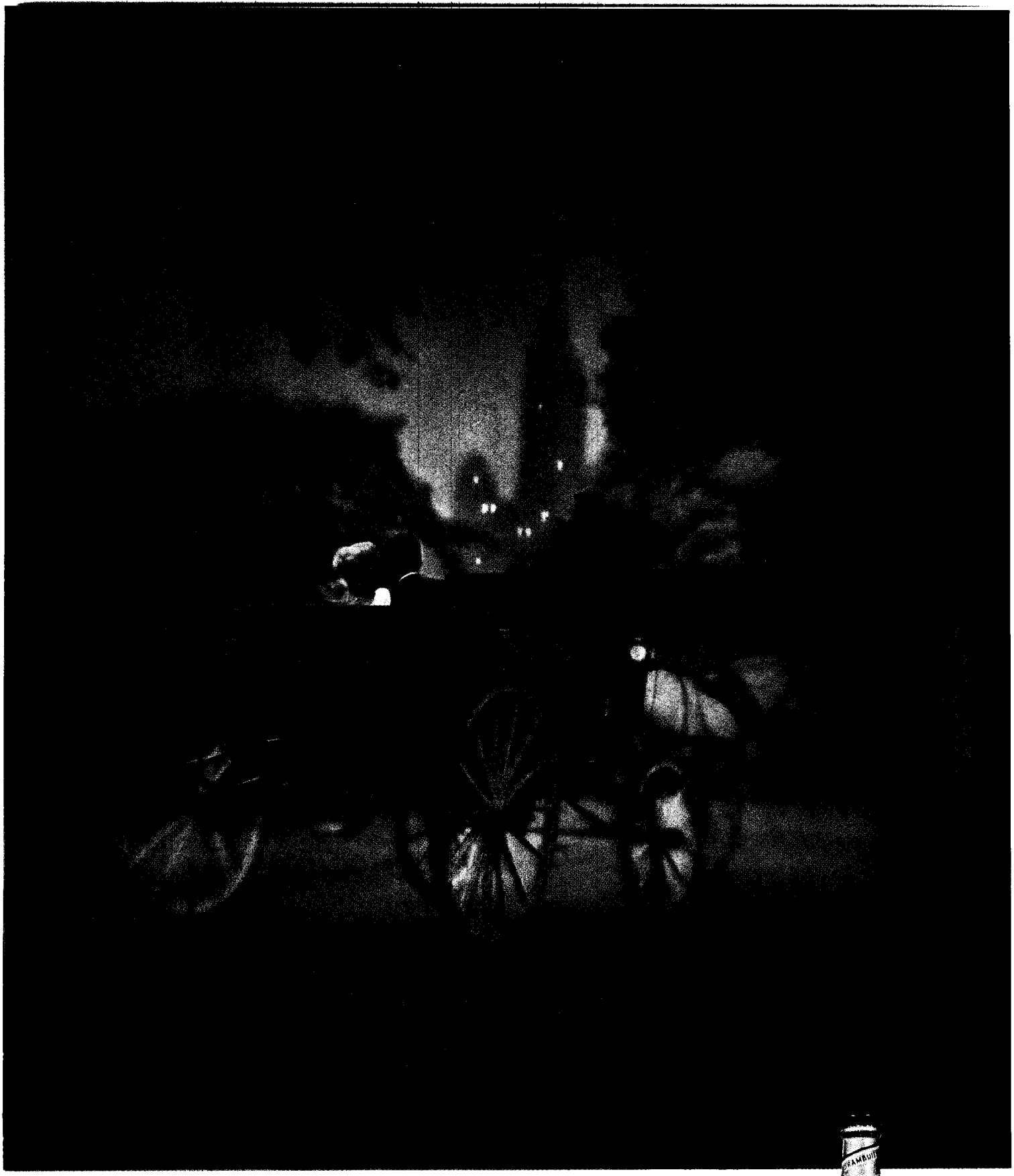

Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base

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Bonaparte au Mont St.-Bernard Peinture par Jacques-Louis David (Musée de Versailles)

Like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, Napoleon boldly crossed the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass on May 15, 1800. An army of 40,000 men, with field artillery and baggage trains, completed the exhausting journey five days later, and went on to win the battle of Marengo on June 14th.

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

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The Brandy of Napoleon

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sination, attending Kennedy rallies with a mystery woman—but they, too, were ignored. The word was out, Kaiser writes, that there was to be "no conspiracy," and the police investigation was tailored to that end.

Finally, he shows us that even Sirhan is wondering about Sirhan. Told that Dr. Diamond had made him climb his jail-cell bars, he is shaken and wonders whether he was like the original *hashshashin*, members of a secret Muslim cult who drugged themselves to commit murder. "It must have been something like that with me," he murmurs.

Kaiser thinks so, too. He believes in the possibility that Sirhan was programed by someone in a plot reminiscent of Richard Condon's novel *The Manchurian Candidate*, and he quotes Robert LaJeunesse, the FBI agent in charge of the Sirhan investigation, as saying: "The case is still open. I'm not rejecting the Manchurian Candidate aspect of it."

Turning from the second Kennedy assassination to the first, one finds Albert Newman hypothesizing that Oswald killed to make himself an ideological hero of Castroism. But, if so, why did he insist upon his innocence? Why did he call himself "the patsy"? He told Dallas police: "My wife and I liked the Presidential family. They are interesting people. . . . Nothing irritated me about the President." It is almost like Sirhan speaking. Newman's only explanation is that Oswald was waiting to make his big propaganda play at his trial.

There is no question about the thoroughness of Newman's research, but it is a kind of blind-sided research, focused on a predetermined theory. Newman demonstrates that Oswald had thoroughly cased General Walker's premises before his first, abortive assassination attempt; he concludes that Oswald had several co-conspirators who stationed themselves as lookouts and drove him to safety in a getaway car. But he argues that Oswald acted alone in the assassination of the President. And, in a sequence that really defies logic, he contends that Oswald intended to kill Walker after he had killed Kennedy and was on his way to do the deed when stopped by Patrolman Tippit. Yet Walker, as Newman admits, wasn't even in Dallas.

Newman's own researches create difficulties with his fine definition that Oswald had "co-associates" but not co-conspirators in the assassination. There is, for example, the mysterious business of *The Shark and the Sardines*. Oswald had borrowed this book from the Dallas library; it was not found anywhere in his effects afterwards, and the FBI established that the volume had not been returned. Yet Newman, in his own investigation months later, found the volume back on the shelves. Who had had it? Who had returned it? There were no clues. The incident suggests that Oswald had other contacts, other relationships—ones that are still unknown. And Newman himself worries about what Oswald could have been doing, whom he might have met, on what he himself calls the crucial "lost weekend" before the assassination.

In a perverse way, then, this book, meant to explain "the reasons why," raises its own questions. It is a pattern that has been repeated again and again—and in the most surprising circles—in recent months.

Senator Richard B. Russell (D., Ga.), a powerful member of the conservative Establishment and himself on the Warren Commission, shook up official Washington last January when he said in a television interview that he had always thought "someone else worked" with Oswald in planning the assassination. Former President Lyndon B. Johnson created another sensation in the spring when he expressed similar doubts about the Warren Commission's one-assassin theory—and then persuaded CBS to delete his remarks from an hour-long taped interview.

Even Jesse Curry, the police chief of Dallas at the time of the assassination, has criticized the federal investigation and has expressed a number of private doubts in his *JFK Assassination File*. Curry is disturbed because a paraffin test of the right side of Oswald's face, expected to show that he had recently fired a rifle, "did not reveal any nitrates from having fired a rifle." He is disturbed because reports of two men appearing in windows on the sixth floor of the School Book Depository were never checked out. And he is disturbed because the Warren Commission gave full credence to its star witness, Howard Brennan, whose story Curry finds marred by a number of glaring inconsistencies.

In the light of all this, Newman's casual dismissal of critics of the Warren Report as lacking in "common sense" indicts its author of the same failing. Newman, like the Warren Commission, assumes Oswald was the one and only gunman, and this assumption permits him to avoid any close look at evidence that might say otherwise. This is, perhaps, the only way still to give credence to the Warren Report,

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 e, Cary; 2h, Cather; 3k, Conrad; 4 1, Steinbeck; 5j, London; 6g, Hardy; 7b, Cabell; 8c, Buck; 9i, Galsworthy; 10a, Maugham; 11 f, Lewis; 12n, Cooper; 13d, Faulkner; 14o, Hemingway; 15m, James.

for there are facts, when one looks, that make one wonder whether Oswald, however deeply he was involved in the mystery in Dallas, actually was the man who killed the President.

There is hard anatomical and physical evidence that indicates neither of the two shots that hit the President could have been fired from Oswald's window. This evidence was presented in Federal Court in Washington, D.C., in February 1969, and was ignored by all the media. In an offshoot of Jim Garrison's New Orleans case, attorney Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., argued for the release of the suppressed X-rays and photographs of the President's body taken during the autopsy at Bethesda. In doing so, he presented evidence from two experts, both of whom had originally agreed with the conclusions of the Warren Report and both of whom, after further study, had been compelled, as one said, to "eat" their words.

The witnesses were Dr. Cyril Wecht of Pittsburgh, one of the nation's leading forensic pathologists, and Robert Forman, chairman of the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Wisconsin State University. The FBI had postulated that the first shot to wound the President had entered his upper back and exited at his throat; the angle, if fixed from Oswald's window, would have been a downward one of 17 degrees 43 minutes. However, the plane through the human body, as determined by the entry and exit wounds, is a level or slightly rising one; human anatomy establishes that. Furthermore, the Bethesda autopsy held that this bullet passed through soft tissues, striking no bone. Forman's study demonstrated that this area of the body is a veritable bony thicket and the only possible free passageway would be on a level plane, passing slightly from right to left.

Dr. Wecht testified that this first shot, if fired on the downward angle calculated by the FBI, would have had to emerge "somewhere above or in the area of your left nipple"—certainly not at the Adam's apple in the throat. And he found an even more serious discrepancy in relation to the final shot that exploded in the President's skull. The most positive finding in the Bethesda autopsy, one of the most bungled affairs in medical history, was that this shot, striking hard bone at the back of the President's skull, had been

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fired on a downward angle of 45 degrees.

Yet the President's car had traveled another 150 feet down Elm Street between the first and second shots. This means that the angle must have flattened out. As Dr. Wecht testified: "When you have something closer to you, your angle is more downward. If that something moves further away, the angle begins to level out more. Therefore, I cannot understand how the first shot would have an angle of 17 degrees declination, and the second shot would have an angle of 45 degrees declination. I cannot understand this at all. . . . It just could not work out that way."

Wecht believed that Governor John B. Connally, Jr., of Texas could have been wounded by a shot fired from Oswald's window; that angle of fire agreed with the physical facts. But President Kennedy's wounds were incompatible with the proposition that the shots had been fired from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository.

Such, then, is the record to date of the two Kennedy assassinations and the investigations that followed them. Perhaps the last word should be given to that enigmatic and incredible character, Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. He told Kaiser that "the FBI did a lousy job of investigation [and] didn't know everything." What did he mean? What secrets may still be locked away in his twisted brain? Kaiser wonders—and so must the nation.

Fred J. Cook wrote "The Secret Rulers" and "The Corrupted Land."

FRAZER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1420

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1420 will be found in the next issue.

E AEFH GT E DSVEK DXS

VEWZT E VEK NZXEPZ AGWZ

E MZKCAZVEK. —AHKZT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1419

Human justice is different from God's justice, and generally opposed to it. —ANATOLE FRANCE.

THE UNINHIBITED BYRON:
An Account of His Sexual Confusion

by Bernard Grebanier

Crown, 354 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster

■ Considering that several hundred pertinent, spurious, anonymous, and pseudonymous books have been written about Byron, it will seem remarkable to many that Bernard Grebanier, "probably through some subtle association of ideas," decided to do yet another biography. In 1957 Leslie Marchand published an exhaustive and urbane biography in three long volumes (just reissued in a one-volume condensation) that seemed to have said all that needed to be. But, as Doris Langley Moore showed in 1961, there was more to be written about Byron's ambiguous love life if one had access to the Lovelace Papers, as Marchand did not—hence her book *The Late Lord Byron*. And both Mr. Marchand and Mrs. Moore wrote after Peter Quennell's seemingly definitive life and his two volumes of selections from Byron's autobiographical writings, *A Self-Portrait*. Still, as is shown by Peter Gunn's *My Dearest Augusta*, published last year, and this first of Professor Grebanier's projected two volumes, of presumed new interpretation of presumed new material there is no end in sight.

Professor Grebanier considers himself, apparently, the final sorter-out of Byron's love life. Certainly he tells more about it than any biographer who has preceded him. Quennell, Moore, and Marchand agree that Byron had ardent friendships with boys at Harrow. In *The Uninhibited Byron* friendships become promiscuous homosexuality at school and orgies of sodomy in Turkey, where, according to Professor Grebanier, it was socially acceptable.

Byron's relations with Caroline Lamb, with many servants, actresses, and ladies, and his love affair with Augusta Leigh, his half-sister, are dealt with expandedly and expansively. On the basis of *Don Leon*, a poem G. Wilson Knight believes George Colman wrote from his recollection of Byron's drunken confidences, Professor Grebanier shows further reasons for the unhappiness of Byron's marriage.

Like Mrs. Moore, Grebanier believes Byron was so addicted to sodomy that normal intercourse could not be more than momentarily satisfying to him, and that he consequently tried to force it upon his wife. She did not enjoy it as much as did the boys at Harrow, the other youths who succeeded each other throughout Byron's life, the modern, liberated men and women, the lascivious young Turks, and Lady Caroline Lamb. This was Lady Byron's real reason for separating from him—she could more or less take in stride his incest with Augusta Leigh, accustomed as she was to dissolute Regency society.

All that Professor Grebanier says may be true. I do not believe he proves anything new about Byron's love life, although his speculations are certainly novel. He takes conjectures from the more prudent biographers who preceded him, and slips from "could" to "might" to "was" again and again in his

presentation of evidence, particularly in his use of Lady Caroline Lamb's novel about herself and Byron, *Glenarvon*, and of Colman's *Don Leon*. Though Professor Grebanier says that their accounts cannot be trusted totally, he does trust them totally whenever it suits his thesis.

All Professor Grebanier says may be true. I do not think his book does more than overstate, overexpand, and overspeculate upon what Peter Quennell, Mrs. Moore, and Leslie Marchand reveal in the perspective of his life and work. The mildly lascivious may be grateful that he gives the longest plot summary of *Glenarvon* I know of, and prints the entire text of *Don Leon*, a not very titillating piece of pornobiography. What serious students might find of value in Professor Grebanier's book is spoiled by his simplistic dependence upon the significance of Byron's sexual confusion and the trouble it may have given him and others. *The Uninhibited Byron* is not good scholarship, good popularization, or good pornography, and Professor Grebanier mixes them about as happily as honey, vinegar, and vodka.

After reading this book I found it refreshing to return to what Leslie Marchand wrote of Byron the man:

> I have sometimes been asked what my thesis is. That always astounds me, and annoys me a little. . . . My only thesis is that Byron was a human being, shaped by the strange combination of his inherited traits and his unnatural upbringing, but essentially likable, disarmingly frank in his confessions . . . with a delightfully fresh observation of human character and human frailties and a unique facility for lucid and concrete expression. I

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have come to feel that Byron is not, as he is accused of being, more inconsistent than most men and women—only more honest in acknowledging his inconsistencies.

This is not the man who emerges from Professor Grebanier's account.

May we now turn to the poetry, about which quite a lot that is good has been written recently? I reread much of it to check Professor Grebanier's accuracy (he is accurate, but quotes the less consequential works). I think Byron is a very good poet indeed, and I would continue to think so if everything in *The Uninhibited Byron* were true—as it just possibly is.

Harvey Curtis Webster, professor of English at the University of Louisville, is the author of the recently published "After the Trauma," a study of British novelists since 1920.

SHAW: An Autobiography, 1898-1950 (The Playwright Years)

Selected by Stanley Weintraub

Weybright & Talley, 335 pp., $10

Reviewed by Daniel J. Leary

■ "Presently I had a nightmare that I was haunted by a sewing machine that clicked and shone, but the incredible thing was that the machine smiled, smiled perpetually." So Yeats wrote of Shaw. For the first time I find myself in partial agreement with Yeats.

Stanley Weintraub has used the sewing machine to stitch together the second volume of what he calls *An Autobiography*. It deals with the years in which Shaw was writing his plays and consists in large part of portions of the prefaces to those plays. The stitching is intricate: some 300 extracts are drawn from at least a hundred different sources and combined in a more or less continuous narrative under such chapter headings as "War Madness," "How to Write a Play," "Touring in Russia," and "Burglars." As finishing touches there are two appendices: Shaw's facetious self-portrait in the style of Frank Harris, "How Frank Ought to Have Done It," and Shaw's Last Will and Testament. The question is, "Who will wear the garment?" Or, abandoning the metaphor, "Who will read this autobiography?"

Although I am a Shavian myself, while I was reading this volume and last year's companion volume, which dealt with the period 1856-98, I found myself yawning impatiently. It may be that I am overly familiar with the material. As Weintraub acknowledges,

THESE OLD BOTTLES date way back to the days when Jack Daniel made them to celebrate special occasions.

One was for winning the Gold Medal at the St. Louis World's Fair. And another, in 1896, on the hundredth anniversary of Tennessee statehood. He even made a special bar bottle for his favorite hotel, the Maxwell House, in Nashville. But when it came to whiskey, Mr. Jack wouldn't cater to change. He insisted on charcoal mellowing every drop. He was too good a whiskey man to alter that, no matter what the occasion.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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"No private letters or manuscripts clearly intended for a limited audience have been included." It is apparent that this work was not meant for scholars, or even for those with a modest Shaw library.

I believe there is another reason for my boredom, a reason that applies as well to those who read the book out of general interest. Though the material for the present volume was written over a period of fifty-two years, and for a variety of audiences, it has an unfortunate uniformity of style. There is a kind of clicking, a kind of ebullient, superhuman energy, maintained at so constant and high a level that one becomes excited, awed, and finally fatigued. It is akin to the energy of Shaw's dramatic prose, but here there is no conflict and little variation. Whether he is visiting the front in World War I, discussing Fabian politics, or explaining how to write a play, Shaw is always the articulate, smiling, public man. He knows everything and says it all. And he says it in the guise of "the celebrated GBS," a being who, according to Shaw, is "as real as a pantomime ostrich," who "is unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, . . . hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion."

The Shaw who knows everything is up to his old trick of telling his audience what its objections are before it has a chance to voice them. This paradoxical tactic of the egotist undercutting his own egotism in so egotistic a way makes an amusing spectacle, but after two volumes of these trumpetings I tend to agree with every one of the adjectives he applies to himself in the passage quoted above. I am put in mind of Oscar Wilde's famous quip about him: "He has not an enemy in the world; and none of his friends like him." As a friend of Shaw's, I hasten to add that this paradoxically selfless egotist furnished the Wilde quotation himself in "How Frank Ought to Have Done It."

As is to be expected of the editor of *The Shaw Review*, Stanley Weintraub has handled all the materials with scholarly meticulousness: the text is unaltered, save for omissions indicated by ellipses, and the various passages have been ingeniously fitted together. The thirty-two pages of notes are concise and enlightening. There are sixteen pages of photographs of Shaw and his friends. The book itself is attractively designed. Yet all this cannot overcome the basic wrongheadedness of the book. The ostrich and the indefatigable machine were the trumpet and the barker for Shaw's act, but in this presentation no act follows.

Daniel J. Leary, professor of English at the City College of the City University of New York, is completing a critical study of Shaw's major plays.

"Gee! I've never sat next to a king before."

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

by Irwin Shaw

Delacorte, 723 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by John Leggett

■ For twenty-two years the critics have been chiding Irwin Shaw over his failure to produce a novel that would justify the mighty reputation he earned as playwright and short-story writer in the Thirties and Forties. In reviewing his five previous novels they have accused him of structure that was too sprawling, social concepts that were oversimplified, characters that were superficially conceived, proceedings that were unlikely—in short, of writing slick, glib, showy fiction instead of the masterpiece of which he had seemed so capable.

Along with nearly everyone else, I was, and am, in awe of Irwin Shaw. In 1939 I saw his *Bury the Dead* produced alongside O'Neill's sea plays, and for me he was *the* Shaw. He is the kind of craftsman—sincere, knowledgeable, unassuming—that I am drawn to and want to see confirmed as one of our great writers. It is my agonizing duty to report that *Rich Man, Poor Man* does not redeem his long-standing promise.

Essentially it is the story of two brothers, Rudolph and Thomas Jordache, and their sister Gretchen. Although they are children of a brutal marriage and have all experienced a hardscrabble youth, their separate struggles for survival and fulfilment, which make up the fabric of *Rich Man, Poor Man*, are in sharp contrast.

Rudolph is the good one. Before he is out of his teens he is so diligent in the practice of self-denial, self-reliance, and industry that he has a running start on a half-page in *Who's Who*. Thomas is the reverse. He's a mean, pugnacious, foul-minded kid who gets his kicks from bullying the law-abiding citizens of Port Philip and spoiling their victory celebrations with a burning cross. Nor, when opportunity presents itself, is he above blackmail. He seems a sure bet for the penitentiary.

The beautiful Gretchen has capacity for both good and evil, but she's easily bored and succumbs early to temptation. She has been flirting with a black man, considering—not too seriously, yet considering—an affair with him, when she falls for her boss instead. He is Teddy Boylan, the wealthy *seigneur* of this part of the Hudson Valley, and the taste for luxury and the cultivated life she acquires from him starts Gretchen off through the primroses to Greenwich Village and Beverly Hills.

Presently Boylan is exercising a

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strong influence on Rudolph, too, pointing out to him the Horatio Algerish nature of the goals that led him through college and up the business and political ladders. In a less direct way, Boylan alters Thomas's life, launching him on a picaresque career as a prize fighter and vagrant who always ships out one jump ahead of the reckoning.

Ironically, only Thomas attains satisfaction in love, work, and happiness. Gretchen's life is blighted by casual relationships with men and the alienation of her child, while Rudolph's great tower of a career is shattered by the indiscretions of his desirable yet curiously corrupt wife, Jean. She has been contaminated by inherited wealth, as Boylan was, and thus spoils whatever she touches.

That's the theme of *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Gretchen states it when expressing her anger "at America because it produced men like Teddy Boylan and made life easy for men like Teddy Boylan," and again when accusing Rudolph: "You think you'd dress the way you do or be so interested in success and money and how to get there the fastest way possible without Teddy Boylan?" It's surprising that Mr. Shaw finds the familiar evil of easy money, wealth without sweat, to be the true corrupter of our bewildering times.

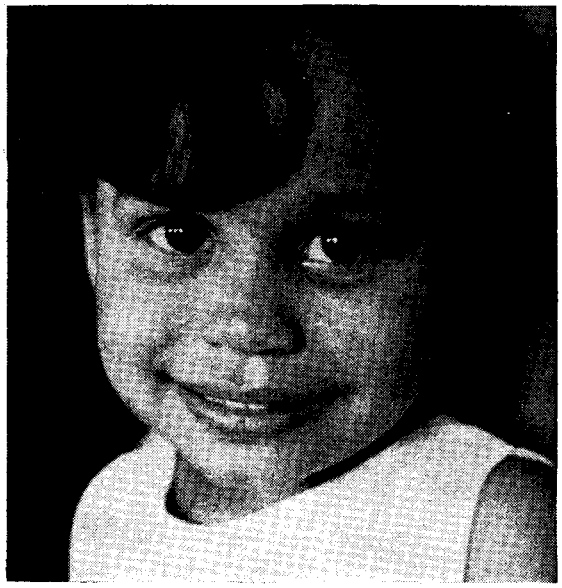
Does this sound too trivial an idea to form the basis of a family chronicle that covers two continents, three generations, and twenty-five years? Well, yes, it is. Does that account for the novel's fatal weakness, its arbitrariness and lack of conviction? No; it seems more symptom than cause. This notion of "Boylan's Way" as the worm in the Jordaches' apple is laid on, not part of their natures or motivations, and even Gretchen is unconvinced by it. Her remark is abandoned by both author and characters as they hurry on about their business.

But is it a clue, something to be taken at more than face value? Could it provide an answer to the essential question about *Rich Man, Poor Man*, the question why Irwin Shaw the novelist is so unwilling to reveal Irwin Shaw the man?

I keep thinking that within this book lies some such disclosure, that Mr. Shaw has left a message here, intentional or otherwise, about himself. Perhaps it is my eagerness to decipher it that enables me to read Gretchen's words as the confession of a writer who has bought, at too high a price, another man's vision—one that seemed alluringly fair and all-American at the time—when instead he might have fought, in Thomas Jordache fashion, for his own homelier one.

Oh, I admire the plotting, all that

She Needs Your Love...



Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance . . . her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family.

Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, yet receive the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Rosetta in countries around the world? Here are some answers to your questions:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 511 Richmond, Va. 23204

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

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ingenuity in projection and fitting together, even when it doesn't work persuasively. I admire the bold strokes with which the author can sketch in a Thomas, eliciting from his reader a full measure of fear, loathing, and fascination.

Irwin Shaw has a master's hand. But why doesn't he trust his heart? It would make the difference between believing and not believing his story. I suppose his heart has betrayed him at some time—and what a pity that is.

John Leggett, whose most recent novel is "Who Took the Gold Away," is director of The Fiction Workshop at the University of Iowa.

MOVING ON

by Larry McMurtry

Simon & Schuster, 794 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by William Decker

■ This Texas-sized book is Larry McMurtry's fourth novel, and it marks another stage in his steady growth as a writer. Readers will remember his first book, *Horseman, Pass By*, published in 1961, when he was twenty-four, and later made into the movie *Hud*. His second, in 1963, was titled *Leaving Cheyenne*, and demonstrated how much he had learned of his craft from the writing of the first.

In 1966 he published *The Last Picture Show*, which moved from the bucolic ranch world as seen through adolescent eyes to a small town as viewed by a teen-ager trapped therein. Now he has shifted to the city—Houston, for the most part—and his principal characters are a young married couple. This is the way some good writers grow and develop, dealing with their material step by step.

The remarkable thing about this new novel is that Mr. McMurtry chose to tell most of the story from the heroine's point of view. In the masculine world of ranching and rodeoing he assigns the dominant point of view to Patsy Carpenter, an emotional, moody, and spoiled young lady married to an equally unsure and purposeless young man named Jim. They are members of an in-between generation, too young to bear the imprint of the Depression and too old to embrace all the freedoms of the Age of Aquarius without guilt. They are permissive toward pot, though they themselves do not indulge; they regard adultery as a fact of life, but it gives them pangs of conscience; they have both inherited a considerable amount of money, so that they need not deny themselves or worry about their financial future.

Larry McMurtry—"blessed with an absolutely solid sense of place."

The basic story told in this long, leisurely book concerns the dissolution of their marriage. Never quite sure of what drew them together, they gradually drift apart, and eventually the débris of their infidelities creates such a barrier between them that reunion is impossible. It is apparent from the beginning that these two physically attractive youngsters are psychologically immature and are not committed to anything, least of all to one another. They overcome their mutual selfishness occasionally for brief episodes of grudging togetherness, but they cannot attain any kind of permanence. Jim is too passive and indecisive to control Patsy, and too vague a person himself to help her find her identity.

The book is heavily populated with a variety of characters who take their turns on the Carpenters' carrousel. There is Sonny Shanks, a rodeo superstar, who could be a reincarnation of Hud with all his flamboyance and carnal appetites. Even when Sonny is not on the scene his presence in Patsy's life is felt like a threat. In contrast is Jim's gentle old uncle, Roger Wagonner, who embodies the past in his quiet strength and his closeness to the land. It is to Roger's ranch that the Carpenters return again and again to rejuvenate their spirits and remind themselves of their roots. Pete Tatum is a laconic rodeo clown who is never able to articulate his feelings toward Patsy, while Pee-Wee Raskin, a sensational failure as a bronc rider, worships her from afar.

Not so Hank Malory. Hank, a graduate student in Jim's class, lusts after Patsy and seduces her with very few words. Their affair is discovered by Jim, who promptly heads for California in the company of a sexy redhead named Clara Clark. While neither of the Carpenters is prepared to admit it, that point marks the end of their marriage.

Though Patsy comes into her own in one particularly vivid episode, throughout the rest of the book she is so beset by self-doubt that she constantly equivocates. The incident occurs when she goes to San Francisco to rescue her younger sister Miri from an acid-*cum*-speed-*cum*-pot-induced bummer. In that moment we see what Patsy might have been.

> . . . Patsy went in and up the stairs. She was very scared, as scared as she had been the night Sonny abducted her in his hearse, but in a different way. She was afraid of Stone on the one hand, and afraid too that if she mismanaged things her sister might have a serious breakdown, something far beyond her power to cope with. But going away without Miri had become unthinkable. She went up despite her fear and knocked on the door of apartment five.

Mr. McMurtry is blessed with an absolutely solid sense of place. His backgrounds and scenic descriptions are inherent parts of his story, contributing as much to the novel as does the completely natural dialogue. In attempting to create the effect of relaxed realism, he has occasionally imitated life too faithfully in so far as scenes repeat and situations recur. He did not need 794 pages to tell his story, but let us hope that he has profited as much from writing this novel as he did from the others, and is moving on to number five.

William Decker, an editor and critic, is the author of a novel of the West, "To Be a Man."

THE ARISTOS

by John Fowles

Little, Brown (revised edition), 224 pp., $5.95; Signet paperback, 95¢

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ John Fowles (it rhymes with owls) is one of those people who believe that philosophy is too important to be left to the philosophers. But, unlike many who share this sentiment, he has acted upon it, and produced a book of philosophical aphorisms, *The Aristos*. It was his second book, published, as he says, "against the advice of almost everyone who read it." Now, after *The Magus* and the best-selling *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, he has issued an extensively revised edition of this unpopular work. It is a book of charm and vigor, bursting with enough ideas to keep many a dinner table in a state of happy confusion for some time to come.

In the new edition Fowles addresses his American audience specifically. He

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sees the United States as "the key society in our world . . . : the country where the struggle between individual freedom and social equality is being conducted (largely because of an innate national honesty) at its most naked and revealing." And he plans a further book on the American experience—a "sympathetic critique." So, if he has reached us and touched a responsive chord with his fiction, it is only fair that we accept his invitation to a more direct meeting of minds. *The Aristos,* he says, "is not a dialogue, but only one side of a dialogue. I state; you, if you wish, refute."

He *has* reached us, of course, in ways that he has not reached his own people. *The Magus,* which had a considerable if somewhat delayed success here, was dismissed by English critics as "basically pointless"—meaning simply that they missed the point. A useful clue to its point may be found in *The Aristos,* where Fowles insists that the *aristos* (the moral and intellectual élite) "knows the Many are like an audience under the spell of a conjuror, seemingly unable to do anything but serve as material for the conjuror's tricks; and he knows that the true destiny of man is to become a magician himself."

With such hints available, one would think the English critics would be able to understand *The Magus,* but this is apparently not the case, and once again England's loss is America's gain. Welcome to the troubled melting pot, Brother Fowles. You are hereby declared an honorary expatriate, entitled to live in England and write for Americans for the rest of your life.

In a brief notice it is not possible to do justice to a book that touches provocatively on most of the traditional subjects of philosophy. But it is possible to point to the center of the book and its most original contribution to current thought. This is Fowles's addition of a fourth element to the three parts Freud found in the psyche: "the *nemo.*" Fowles defines it as "a man's sense of his futility and ephemerality; of his relativity, his comparativeness; of his virtual nothingness."

The *nemo,* in Fowles's view, drives men to an excess of conformity—uniforms and regimentation—or an excess of nonconformity—the life-styles of "the bohemian, the dandy, the outsider, the hippy." And, he adds pointedly, "a great deal of recent art has been conditioned by the pressures of the *nemo.* There is the desperate search for the unique style, and only too often this search is conducted at the expense of content." Against these acutely wrong reactions to the pressure of the *nemo,* Fowles offers the difficult way of the *aristos,* here defined

—*Mark Gerson*

John Fowles—weapons for counterattacking the "nemo."

as "the best for a given situation."

> To accept one's limited freedom, to accept one's isolation, to accept this responsibility, to learn one's particular powers, and then with them to humanize the whole: that is the best for this situation.

On the way to this sobering affirmation Fowles has many things to say that will interest readers of his fiction. I find his chapters on education and art especially relevant—not only to his work but to all the problems that beset art and education at the moment. Under Education he treats everything from science to sex, and he is, as one might expect, especially good on sex: "To teach the physiology of sex without the psychology of love is to teach all about a ship except how to steer it." I wonder how many of our sex-educators who never blush while describing anatomy become tongue-tied at the thought of love. Sex, Fowles says, "is an exchange of pleasures, of needs; love is a giving without return." He adds:

> It is this giving without return, this helping without reward, this surplus of pure good, that identifies the uniqueness of man as well as the true nature of the true marriage. This is the quintessence the great alchemy of sex is for; and every adultery adulterates it, every infidelity betrays it, every cruelty clouds it.

Old-fashioned? So is *The French Lieutenant's Woman.*

Robert Scholes, who is the author of "The Fabulators" and other studies of modern fiction, teaches English at Brown University.

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American Heartland

(*Continued from page* 28)

so-called rights of the accused," the clamor for defense of "the traditional values" became irresistible. ("If you don't believe me, look at the automobile windows on American cars. You'll find decals all over them. Generally, you'll find a nationwide crusade being organized to restore prayers in the classrooms, to ban sex education, to curb pornography.") And so all the turbulence of the 1960s—all the signs of dissent and disillusion, all the violence, and all the chatter about "the New Politics"—amounted to a fury signifying nothing, compared with "the awakening of the American conscience" and the fixing of "an unmistable trend" toward a new age of conservative, Republican rule.

To this fairly familiar version of the new sovereignty of the Silent Majority, however, the Senator adds a truly novel and revealing touch. He denounces as "a fundamental error" of "the liberal politicians" their notion that "society as a whole owes reparation for injustices which have existed for many decades." He marks as "one of the root causes" of conservative strength the "popular disgust" with the idea that Americans should feel "a mass guilt for everything which is not perfect" in American life. From this disgust there follows the resolve of the American people to rid itself once and for all of "this whole question of collective guilt." And, with this sweeping act of absolution, the Senator finally calls the Silent Majority by what he considers its true name: the Innocent Majority.

Such is the heart of the message delivered by a reasonably modest politician who nonetheless sees himself as the real father of "the conservative revolution." It poses, inevitably, two distinct questions to any student of American politics. First, is this what is truly happening in the nation? Second, is this what *should* be happening?

I believe strongly that the answer to both questions is a categorical No.

To take the facts—only a few of them—first. . . .

These may be studied in *The Real Majority*, a splendidly incisive and intelligent analysis of the American electorate by Richard M. Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg. Enriching their detailed charts and computations with wit and insight, Messrs. Scammon and Wattenberg paint a political scene that bears little resemblance to the Republican visions of Kevin Phillips or Barry Goldwater. The authors make the following points, among others:

- To credit Richard Nixon's 1968 victory to "the Southern Strategy" is, they maintain, entirely preposterous. Of the eleven states of the Old Confederacy, President Nixon carried but five, providing fifty-seven of the 301 electoral votes he received. Of the forty-six electoral votes from five border states, Nixon got twenty-nine and Humphrey seventeen. In short, Mr. Nixon became President not by veering to the conservative side, but by appealing more effectively than Mr. Humphrey to the vital center.
- Although the suburban population has come to outnumber city dwellers (by some fifteen million), Scammon and Wattenberg warn sanguine GOP forecasters that "there is no evidence that Democratic-oriented voters switch parties simply because they move from the cities or become more affluent." Exploding the conventional notion that poorer Americans vote Democratic and richer ones vote Republican, the authors remind us that in 1968 the twelve

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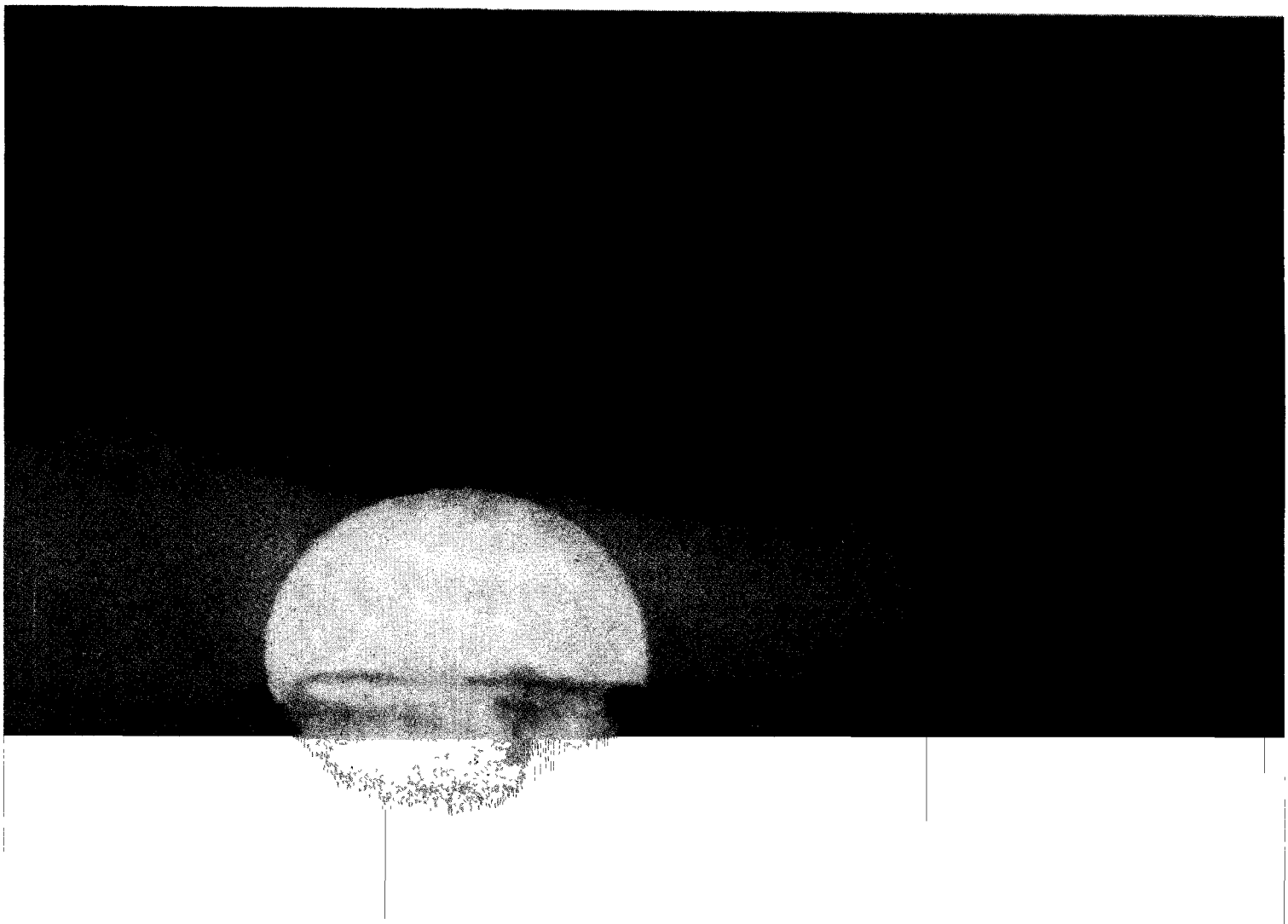

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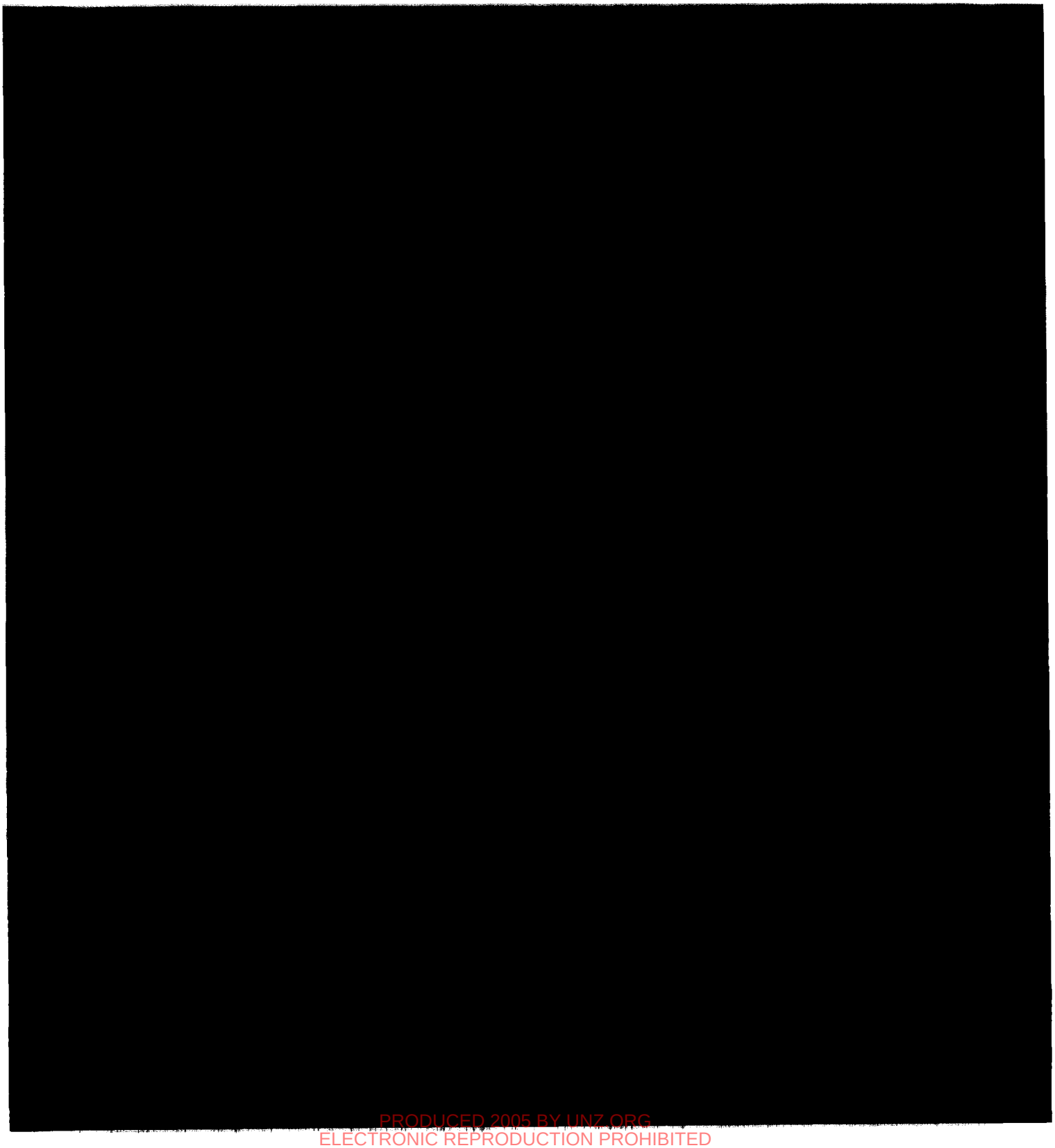

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poorest states divided thus: six for Nixon, five for Wallace, and one for Humphrey. And the richest state—Connecticut—went Democratic.

• On "the social issue" a couple of cautions are raised. For one thing, the Democrats need not, should not, and almost surely will not confuse their commitment to the cause of civil rights with a lax view of urban lawlessness. Moreover, the question of which national party promises more civil order can cut both ways: a federal administration trusted and respected by the militant poor and the militant dissenters could well assure greater peace in the land than a régime belligerently poised to use force at all times to guard the slumber of the Innocent Majority.

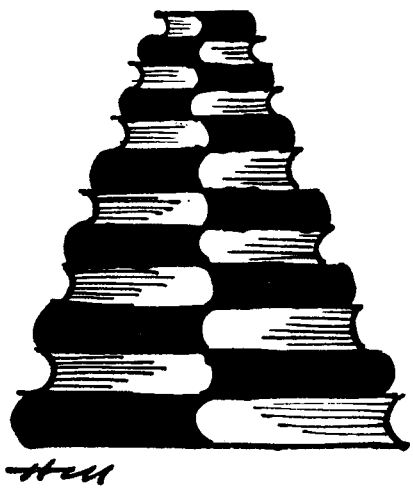
• "It is a misreading of public sentiment," warn Messrs. Scammon and Wattenberg, "to say that America is in a mood of programmatic retrenchment." In this they are supported by almost all responsible public-opinion surveys, which find that ample popular backing exists for such federal programs as educational aid and Medicare, job training and social security. Many of the shrewdest scanners of these omens have concluded that the political diet most favored by Americans strikes an interesting balance—"conservative" rhetoric with "liberal" action. In short, "there is no inevitable emerging Republican majority."

To turn, finally, from the facts to the values set forth in this conservative preachment:

I think there is much to be said for Richard Hofstadter's recent statement that he would call the 1960s "The Age of Rubbish." It seems impossible to remember a decade about which so much rubbish has been spoken and written. If the Goldwater vision of "the conservative revolution" seems to border on fantasy, it has been mindlessly matched by euphoric "liberal" accounts exalting the 1960s as a historically irreversible turning point, when the American electorate finally glimpsed the Promised Land of the New Politics. The facts in contradiction seem towering in their obviousness. The decade began with a Presidential contest between a John Kennedy and a Richard Nixon initially regarded as political twins, only slightly different in public attire assumed to disguise their common qualities: personal ambition and political opportunism. The mid-Sixties were presided over by a Lyndon Johnson who was the incarnation of almost any American voter's understanding of the Old Politics. And the decade reached its climax with the Democratic nomination of Hubert Humphrey and the election of Richard Nixon to the White House. An age of the new or the revolutionary, liberal *or* conservative? By what reasonable reckoning?

Contrary to most appraisals from Right or Left, I suspect that future political historians will find the 1960s a hazy and a groping and a tentative kind of time. In fact, Messrs. Scammon and Wattenberg argue that the whole period of American politics since 1948 has been rather "a tideless era." If the decade just past be not accepted as the Age of Rubbish, I think it might understandably be judged the Age of Abortion. For it surely was a time when apparently logical political processes were savagely cut off. This happened with the life of John Kennedy and the promise of his Presidency. It happened with the leadership of Lyndon Johnson, as the sickening tragedy of Vietnam wrecked the promise of *his* régime. And, on the whole, it has come to look more and more like a decade politically populated by revolutionaries who are not really revolutionary pitted against conservatives who are not dedicatedly conservative.

All this could swiftly and dramatically change, however, if ever the concept of the Innocent Majority came to be the prevailing American mood. For, after this singular act of absolution, there could follow nothing but an act of abdication of all social responsibility—an end to the very spirit and sense and idea of a true commonwealth. The Innocent Majority would rejoice and revel as the Indulgent Majority. And the oldest hopes carried by the American promise of justice and freedom would then be smashed—by leaders proclaiming themselves the guardians of the dreams and the values of the past. Or, as an authentic conservative, Edmund Burke, perceived at just about the time this nation came to be born: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."



Trade Winds

Continued from page 16

spring into the body. Allow your body to roll sideways.

We tried it—and it's terrific. Lost five pounds.

These days writers write books about everything. And now, for Pete's sake, a writer has come up with a whole book about—of all things—bathrooms. It isn't a dirty book, either. It's clean as a whistle—not even any bathroom humor. And the author is, to make a short story longer, one of Great Britain's most distinguished citizens—the interior decorator David Hicks. Furthermore, Mr. Hicks, the author of *Living with Taste*, plans twelve more individual room books.

Meeting Hicks and Arthur Pinkham of the J. P. Stevens Company, for which Mr. Hicks is design consultant, we gathered, in honor of his twelve books at—where else?—The Forum of the Twelve Caesars. The personable Hicks is no title dropper, and it was with some difficulty that we learned he was the decorator of the Buckingham Palace apartments of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, as well as of the new modern house of his father-in-law, the incredible Lord Louis Mountbatten. "The thing that fascinates me about my father-in-law," Hicks told us, "is when he talks about his childhood visits to Austria and Russia and places like that. Once he told me, 'You know, David, it seems that wherever we went we had uncles and aunts who owned their own countries.'"

Hicks, we learned, now owns his own country house—one that he bought near Oxford and which, when he moved in, had thirty-eight bedrooms and only one bathroom. Two villages on the property, too—but still that problem of only one bathroom. Obviously, Hicks didn't choose his own book; his book chose him.

"My idea of a luxurious bathroom," Hicks told us, "depends upon understatement." In his own, he admitted, he now has, among other things, a fireplace, a bookcase, a bureau, several old master drawings, a Lord Palmerston standup desk, three armchairs, and two other chairs. His proudest moment was when an elderly local couple came to call and toured the house. Suddenly the man stopped. "Good God, Agatha," he shouted, "there's a *bath* in the middle of this room!"

No wonder Hicks was proud. If that isn't understatement, it will have to do—until another Englishman comes along.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

A Provençal Weekend

ON ONE of its blowier days, the mistral, that capricious Provençal wind, whipped a railroad train sans engine from Arles to Port St. Louis. And in 1875 it did in a bridge between Beaucaire and Tarascon. At calmer times it wafts down from the Alps with just enough authority to whisk away the clouds and freshen the air with an autumnal tang.

On such a day in mid-September, I found myself poking about Aix-en-Provence, a city of elegance, deep shade, and café flutter. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Aix was the model of urbanization, and it seems to have lost little of its glint. Just about everyone in town was outdoors on that bright Saturday afternoon, celebrating what the French have come to call *le weekend.*

Aix gushes with twenty-one fountains, some hidden away in remote squares, others bubbling up in the center of main boulevards. At the Place des Quatre Dauphins four stone dolphins were spitting into a round pool. Up the street I peeked into the St. John of Malta Church, one of Aix's purest Gothic specimens. There was a special flurry inside, something more than an afternoon tourist invasion, and then the Archbishop came down the aisle fastening his white frock and explaining that a wedding was about to take place. When I stepped out into the sunlight, a formally dressed contingent was massed on the front steps, looking as though they had been spirited away from the King's Road in Chelsea. Their attire was perhaps more traditional than mod, but the shaggy (yet well-kept) manes and florid cheeks spelled only English.

Approaching a tall fellow in morning coat and striped trousers, I asked who the principals were. "It's an English bloke and a French girl," he said. "I drove all night from Geneva to get here, and I guess the others have come from England."

Then the bridegroom arrived in full morning dress, a gray top hat in hand. He wore the fresh and slightly sheepish expression of someone who would rather be clowning in the choir than crossing the threshold into husbandhood. "He is only twenty-one and two months," my informant said. "The two met at Cambridge."

Suddenly the bride appeared before the church, as though emerging from a shower of Disney stardust. Swathed in white and more angelic than the groom himself, she paused in the little square while a half-dozen tiny French boys in blue berets, velvet knickers, and white knee socks fidgeted around her. As she swept up the steps and through the doors, they stumbled along in her wake, each trying to get a firm grip on the long white train.

My own retinue—several new friends from Marseilles—moved on, following the narrow back streets until we came out at one end of the Cours Mirabeau, Aix's proudest boulevard. At the Fontaine du Roi René a statue of Provence's fun-loving fifteenth-century king looks up the broad avenue, holding a cluster of muscat grapes, which he introduced to the region. Four rows of towering *platanes* form a perfect vaulted archway above the Cours Mirabeau so that even on this shining September afternoon the street lay ahead like a darkened cathedral. Here and there spears of light pierced the leafy ceiling.

One side of the Cours is dominated by handsome seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *hôtels.* These were, and in some cases still are, domains of the *noblesse,* and others have been given over to such public uses as museums and university rectorates. On the wide sidewalk in front, tractors and various power tools bearing Japanese and American labels stood in glistening panoply, while browsing farmers, in town for a weekend trade fair, stopped to pat the merchandise. The other side of the street, less stately, more commercial, is lined with shops, restaurants, and outdoor cafés. The sidewalk was thronged with afternoon strollers —lovers, sailors, wanderers—whose accumulated chatter rose toward the treetops to compete with the cackling of birds. Groups of young people lounged in the sidewalk cafés, the boys sporting the same snug, cinched-waist look as the girls.

Saturday in Aix—countless wedding parties, deep shade, café flutter.

We picked up the Saturday afternoon wedding trail on a large square, the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the omnipresent fountain playing at the center. One in an endless succession of wedding parties was pouring from the Hôtel de Ville, a classical manse that was abuilding before the *Mayflower* sailed. Aix couples are married there in civil ceremonies before taking the religious vows in churches. On the curb opposite the main portals, a band of sidewalk superintendents, *les badauds,* waited to ogle and applaud the next cast. Two of our group, a young man and woman, went up the steps of the Hôtel de Ville to witness one of the production-line events—and had to halt the mayor as he was about to commit them to matrimony.

On the way to the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, an ornate museum of a place, I remarked on how odd it would be to find yet another wedding in progress. Sure enough, there at the altar a priest was nearing the end of the rite, throwing out his hands in supplication before bidding the pair to sit briefly in velvety, red, low-backed chairs.

Aix has entertained hope in recent years of purchasing a painting or two by the city's *enfant chéri,* Paul Cézanne, but the going rate is out of reach. The artist is remembered, though, by the modest house he used as a studio just north of town. Cézanne's easel, palette, wine glasses and bottles, beret, cape, and coat are just where he left them on the day he died, October 22, 1906. The surrounding landscape hasn't changed much either, if one can blot out the apartment towers rising on the hillsides around Aix.

Marseilles, a little more than an hour's drive away, looks its best under the influence of a kindly mistral. In fact, on a breezy, crystalline Sunday morning, a former San Franciscan stood beside me on a lookout above Marseilles and the misty Mediterranean and almost began to weep for bygone days on Nob Hill. Chicago, though, is the American city usually compared to Marseilles, mostly for the lusty, bawdy, gangland traditions they share. "We have our best gangsters here," a town father told me with a tinge of pride. "Whenever there is a bad district in a French city, it is called

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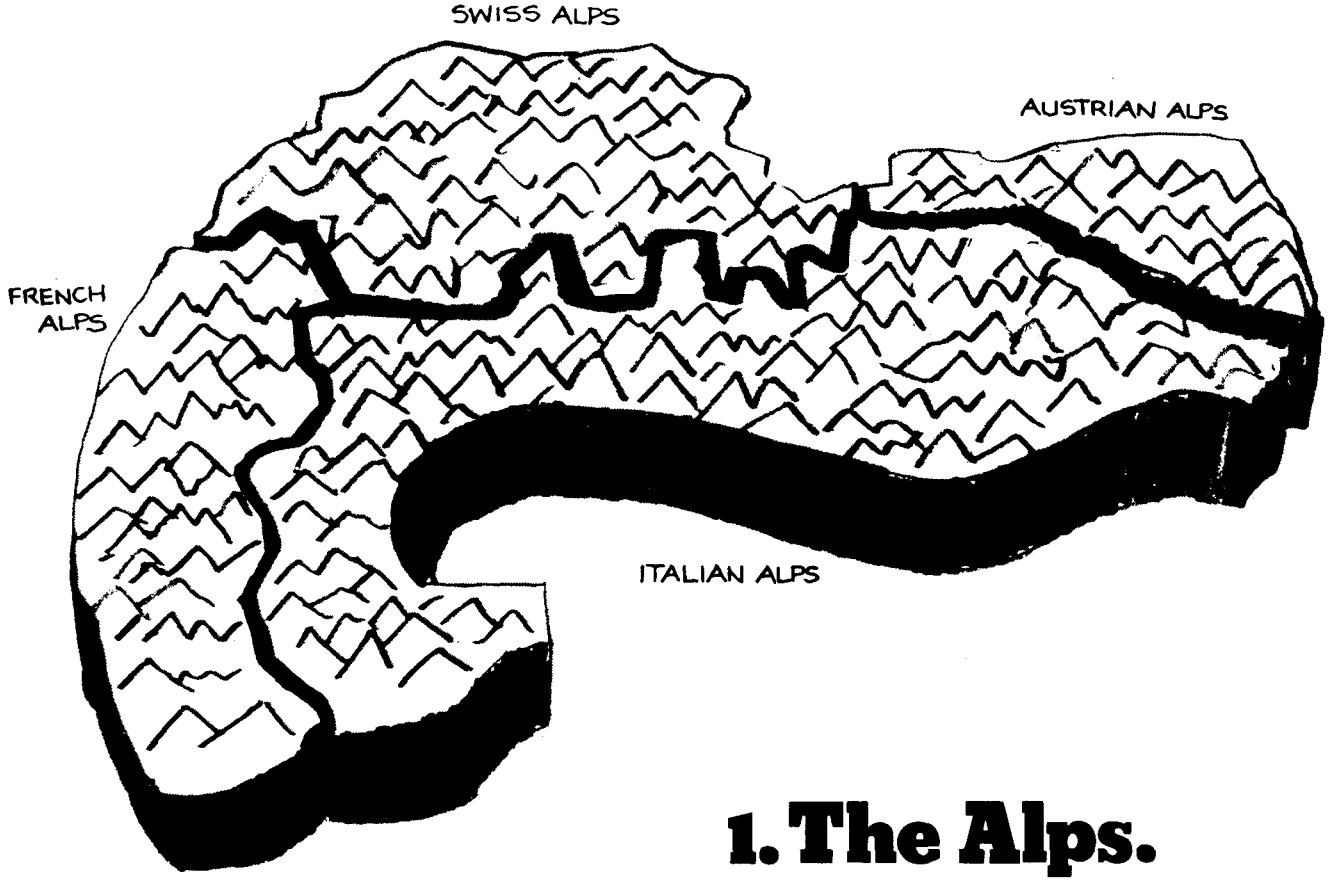

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Chicago." *Borsalino*, a bullet-singing movie set in Marseilles, with Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo, has done nothing to mar the image.

Yet in truth this oldest of Gallic cities manages to cloak from the outsider whatever dangers exist. All sectors of the city are considered safe enough to prowl by day, although one street in the Arab quarter, the Rue des Chapeliers, once a hatmakers' row and now a teeming, milling hangout for the city's lowlife characters, intimidates even the police themselves. Otherwise, an unobtrusive stroller may go just about where he pleases, as long as he doesn't point his camera in the wrong direction. Generally, the Algerians, Moroccans, and other Arabs treated my photographer to mugging smiles.

Marseilles's history reaches back 2,500 years to a time when it was the main Greek city in the western Mediterranean, and yet its monuments to the past are few. One can feel almost immediately that it is a city of atmosphere more than of culture, a place of the spirit, not of the mind. Nowhere is this more evident than in the Vieux Port, which has never stopped throbbing through Greek, Roman, medieval, and modern times. On the north side of this legendary waterfront district, the seventeenth-century Hôtel de Ville stands amidst a battery of blocky new apartment buildings, the lone survivor from a powerful dynamiting the Germans applied in 1943 when the occupiers decided the area was too squalid and perilous to control. Other sectors of the Vieux Port are largely intact, if decaying into slums.

We climbed the tilted streets of the Les Accoules section in the sunny torpor of a Sunday morning. From a window high overhead, a mother, daughter, and cat leaned out and communicated with friends across the way. I tried to keep up with the chatter as it ricocheted between the ancient stone facades, but I finally referred to the Frenchwoman at my side. "One lady is going away on holiday and doesn't know what to do with her cat," was the gist. Up the street a quorum of old women huddling on a front stoop complained about a universal nemesis, the high cost of rent.

We moved into a cramped quarter called the Panier ("basket"), a huddle of old tenements that French residents surrendered long ago to Algerian,

The French Florida: Avant-Garde Beehives by the Sea

JUST WEST of Marseilles, along a 120-mile stretch of swampy coastline, France is carving a second Riviera. Since 1963, the government has poured $84-million into the project, hoping to stop French tourists from spending their francs on Spain's Costa Brava. Another aim is to create new jobs, at least seasonally, in the surrounding Languedoc-Roussillon region, which exists on the fickle wine and fishing industries.

Glistening, avant-garde architecture is rearing up at five separate resorts along the newly sculpted coast, but at the same time doubt is rising as to the scheme's economic stability. Developers have found the land simply too expensive. Alain Chalandon, France's Minister of Housing, tried recently to stem the government's financial support, but he was overruled by President Pompidou, who ordered investment to continue.

La Grande-Motte, a short drive from Montpellier, has moved ahead of the other resorts with a cluster of beehive buildings that will house not only condominium apartments and hotels but also restaurants, bars, shops, and a casino. The community gathering place will be an all-purpose station with the ill-boding title of Point-Zero.

Cap d'Agde is slowly taking shape on two craggy hills and around a newly dredged harbor, not far from the twelfth-century fortress church of Agde. Set among rocky black cliffs, this is one of the project's most scenic locales.

Another kind of scenery abounds at a pair of *naturiste* camps in the Agde environs. I paid a visit to one on a blustery afternoon in September, on the invitation of the camp's director, who advised me to leave my camera behind. Many of the campers were dressed against the cold, but others braved the elements *à poil*, flouncing from pool, to snack bar, to sand dunes, ball field, and raging seashore.

The director, fully clothed, explained some of the ground rules while we looked down on the acres of trailers, tents, and bungalows from a poolside tower. Guests may come in pairs or *en famille* but not in singles. Clothing must be worn to church and restaurant. The camp, one of some forty-five in France, draws an 80-per cent non-French clientele. I saw mostly German, Dutch, and Scandinavian license plates.

Next spring the camp will be rebuilt around a new harbor and will welcome its first group from America, a charter flight of 200. —D. B.

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—*Photos, Jane Bobczynski*

Sunday in Marseilles—tilted streets, flapping wash, bowls of bouillabaisse.

Greek, Spanish, and Italian immigrants. High above the street, parakeets twirped in slat cages. Drying clothes flapped on wooden stakes protruding like fishing poles from the top floors.

At the end of the narrow Rue de la Charité is a crusty, seventeenth-century chapel topped by a bullet-shaped dome, said to be architecturally unique in France. A project is under way to restore the chapel and surrounding three-story gallery that once sheltered indigent and aging people and more recently, after falling into ruin, was a refuge for squatters and thieves who hid their booty in the honeycomb cells. Funds are slow in coming, but Marseilles is intent on carrying out the job because it wants to save what historic buildings it has. "This is an antique city without antiques," my friend declared.

Looking up the nearby Rue des Moulins, you can make out the base of an ancient windmill, one of many that churned above the street four or five centuries ago. My companion, a Moroccan by birth, caught the aroma of a North African meat and vegetable dish boiling in spices and oil somewhere behind a stone wall. We repaired to the Auberge de la Rascasse, a bouillabaisse haven in the Vieux Port, and there fished happily through a heap of this briny Marseilles creation, stopping only to clear away a new pile of shells and occasionally to peer out the broad window at the passing scene. I suppose I expected to see flocks of French sailors in berets and striped shirts pitching and rolling up the street, but the closest thing to it was a pair of naval cadets and two Foreign Legionnaires, all looking as crisply turned out as Englishmen at a French wedding.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"When Summoned"

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ONE OF THE MOST rewarding and exhilarating events in the season of summertime dance just ended was a series of performances here in the Yale University Theater by that exuberant company from Salt Lake City, Utah, the Repertory Dance Theatre, brought into being only four years ago by a large grant from the Rockefeller Foundation [WORLD OF DANCE, SR, Nov. 16, 1968].

This modern dance troupe has grown in stature, both in choreography and performing skills, in past seasons, and the presentations before critical audiences at Yale brought cheers. High on the cheering agenda was a powerful work, *When Summoned*, by Bill Evans, the company's most gifted choreographer and one of the best choreographic forces to touch the whole American dance scene.

As in other Evans dances I have seen, *When Summoned* has stage shape. This, on the surface, may not seem to be momentous, but in an era when the avant-garde plays around with chance, with meanderings, with happenings, it is something of an event to see a modern dance work by a young choreographer that has form, planned and purposeful shape to it—perhaps dance architecture would be the best way to describe it.

But the new piece, with form and shape, is not just a static edifice; it is movement, and here Evans's chief ingredient is pull. The title, with summoning as its key, presupposes a call that, in movement, would be a pulling. Watching it, you will see the action shift from left to right and back again, you will be present for harkening and answering, for withdrawal and response. It is a work that reaches out over the footlights and grabs you as it distills in dance man's unexplainable reaction to instinct, to fate, or to forces that not only surround him but, curiously, compel him to react.

When Summoned (set to music of Morton Subotnick) was commissioned and first produced by the Deutsche Oper Ballet in West Berlin and was an instant success. In rehearsal Evans had trouble with some of the principal dancers, who refused to take off their ballet shoes to do a modern dance work, with the result that supporting players won acclaim in a production that has since become a permanent part of the repertory of the Berlin Opera Ballet.

Berlin, East and West, had actually inspired *When Summoned*. Says Evans: "The feeling of a divided city stirred me; I felt the pull. I saw the goose step of the guard at the Soviet memorial in East Berlin, and somehow the divisiveness triggered the dance, the pull, the tug. But let me say that *When Summoned* is not literal. I never let my Berlin dancers know what was in my mind. It was my own private inspiration."

After Berlin 1969, Evans restaged *When Summoned* (It was *Aufbruch* in Germany) for his own Utah colleagues in 1970. Tim Wengerd heads the American cast and gives to this remarkable creation a center for the dynamic thrusts and pulls of the theme. Wengerd is an exceptionally talented young artist, but then the company itself is exceptional. I know of no other company in the field of modern dance with the focus upon dramatic action that can equal these Utah dancers (I except the avant-garde groups of, say, Alwin Nikolais and Murray Louis and our greatest modern troupe, the Martha Graham Company).

Members of the Repertory Dance Theatre of Utah in "When Summoned" (left to right: Gregg Lizenbery, Eric Newton, Richard Rowsell partially hidden, Tim Wengerd, Manzell Senters, Lynne Wimmer)—"a work that distills in dance man's inexplicable reaction to . . . forces that not only surround him but compel him to act."

LEE, MASS.

THE FINAL WEEK of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival brought—in part—a new ballet by one of America's most famous and enduring dance names, Ruth Page. The choreographer herself, noted for her irreverent humor, referred to her newest creation (remember the great *Frankie and Johnny* she did with Bentley Stone?) as "an unrehearsed work in progress." Well, it was much better than that. I mustn't review it, since it wasn't completed and most of its dancers were Jacob's Pillow students, but let me say that *Alice in the Garden*, part of a projected ballet on *Alice in Wonderland*, provided that precocious teen-ager Joyce Cuoco, guest artist, with a perfect role as Alice (and she was adorable). Patricia Klekovic (also a professional) was especially lovely in a *pas* created by Miss Page; and Andrew Harris, a student, was unforgettable as the most sinuous, and sensuous, caterpillar you have ever seen.

NEW YORK.

GLUCK'S *Orfeo ed Euridice* just has to be danced, for there is practically no other action in it. But if the opera is to have its movement structure in dancing, the choreography must have some relationship in style and in spirit, as well as in meter, to Gluck's music. The Metropolitan Opera's new production of *Orfeo*, staged and choreographed by Milko Sparemblek, the new director of the opera ballet, misses this relationship by a mile. In a word, the choreography is dreadful. To me, the dance approach suggested Mittel-europa setting-up exercises.

Watching Sparemblek's unfurious Furies and the unblessèd spirits of the Elysian Fields, I recalled with comfort and affection an earlier Met *Orfeo* in which Zachary Solov choreographed a frighteningly effective Furies scene in Act I, and he and Alicia Markova, the great ballerina, together created the later Elysian Fields (Act II) that was sheer heaven, which is what it is supposed to be. As for Markova's own dancing, there was, indeed, in every step, every gesture, the music of Gluck. With Sparemblek's dances, the spirit of Gluck was in exile. But it should be reported that the Met's dancers earned gold stars (and purple hearts) for highly professional performing in a dreary, deadly situation.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 23

very small doses of drugs that, when given to healthy individuals, he believed caused symptoms similar to those present in illness. The objective was to elicit or stimulate the body's natural defenses. It is precisely this principle that is the basis of vaccination.

Hahnemann was a prime mover in the reformation of medicine in the nineteenth century. Morris Fishbein said of him, "The history of homeopathy is distinct and peculiar. It records the propounding and acceptance of a theory which, in itself wrong, nevertheless influenced the steps of a beginning science into paths that were right." That is why this institution honors his name.

CHARLES S. CAMERON, M.D.,
President, Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital,
Philadelphia, Pa.

RE: N.C.'s editorial "Can Doctors Cause Disease?" There is no doubt that bleeding was abused, but bleeding is used today as a life-saving measure. Many physicians take off a pint of blood from a hypertensive patient who is bordering on a stroke. Must present-day physicians be constantly reminded that George Washington died as a result of excessive bleeding? The physicians of his day must have had some good reasons for bleeding, and the state of the art of that time must have supported it.

As with most other powerful medications, butazolidin does much good and some harm. Anyone who has seen a hot, painful, and potentially crippling case of arthritis quiet down when treated with butazolidin does not have to be convinced that here is a medicine that works. Since every medicine has an action and a reaction, it is necessary for the physician to weigh both sides of the problem and to choose wisely. The cases described in the editorial concerning the potassium pill and the barium blockage do occur, but tens of thousands of other patients take the pill and go through barium examinations without difficulty. The finest and most careful of physicians get bad results even when trying their level best to avoid them.

The antibiotics stand in a special place in the physician's armamentarium. Here we have medications that have proved life-saving in millions of cases, but have produced adverse effects in comparatively few cases. With the introduction and widespread use of antibiotics, the death rate fell precipitously. Consult the mortality and morbidity tables of such diseases as blood-poisoning and pneumonia.

We must practice medicine partially as our patients think we should be practicing it, for is it not the easiest thing in the world to do—to practice medicine? Everybody does it to one degree or another. We sometimes give a medicine to treat the patient's family rather than the patient per se.

In the defense of the practitioner, please be assured that we who do have licenses to practice medicine and surgery try our very best to do what is right. But when one has to make forty or fifty judgments daily, one is bound to make an error every once in a while, for while we may seem to be gods, we are only humans with feet of clay.

SAMUEL S. LEITER, M.D.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DOCTORS CAN CAUSE DISEASE. The problem of iatrogenic illness is one that has bothered physicians all through the centuries—as witness Hippocrates' recognition of same. However, this is something that the profession tries most assiduously to recognize and, subsequently, prevent. The very fact that studies are published in the most prestigious journals with the widest circulation, and with fullest disclosure, (therefore being available to the lay as well as the medical public) shows an open, thoughtful attempt to control as much as possible these untoward results of medical care. I can see nothing to be gained, however, by frightful, frightening instances in the lay press that generalize in a rather dangerous way. There can be mistakes and there can be malpractice. The former should be corrected. The latter should be condemned and appropriately dealt with. The two should not be considered as one.

We need a prescription for change, but the approach must be realistic, holistic, and based on the understanding that the humanity of health care is not a mechanical thing.

EMANUEL FRIEDMAN, M.D.,
Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine,
University of California
School of Medicine,
Los Angeles, Calif.

EXAMPLES of iatrogenic disease do occur, but are rare. They are not confined to the medical profession. Plumbers and electricians and lawyers have had their share. By and large doctors police themselves pretty well knowing that grievance committees exist. There is also their own conscience answerable to a Hippocratic Oath taken on graduation from medical school.

If the money wasted in the pursuit of destroying life had been expended in medical centers and colleges, the problems we now face would not exist today. The Red Menace is not so formidable to us as the shortages with which we live at home.

WARREN B. SHEPARD, M.D.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

IS IT POSSIBLE that a physician's inability to discern the difference between a healthy sense of self-confidence and an attitude of omniscience is also a factor frequently contributing to the cause of iatrogenic illness?

In the rapidly changing and often dehumanizing age in which we now live, I, too, remain convinced that it is only the genuinely sensitive and "philosophical" physician who can render a practice of medicine that is truly competent and complete.

FRED W. ANDERSON,
Pastor,
Trinitarian Congregational Church,
Norton, Mass.

N.C.'s editorial "Can Doctors Cause Disease?" answers this question with a very clear yes. If readers have any further questions, Alonzo Jay Shadman, M.D., answers them in his book *Who Is Your Doctor and Why?* Dr. Shadman owned and managed a hospital having one hundred sixty-five beds for more than forty years; nearly five hundred physicians were on the courtesy staff. So he had a most unusual opportunity to observe and study practices and then to note their results. Dr. Shadman writes: "One should be safe in relying on his doctor, but unfortunately history has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that this is not so."

F. L. SUTTLES,
Tequesta, Fla.

"Either you have the wrong number or the student you're calling hasn't taken over my office yet."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

New Forms, Old Molds

THERE ARE certain film genres—fight films and Westerns, for example—that never seem to die. Year after year, they are back with us, often with a new vitality that springs from fresh approaches, contexts, or insights. Indeed, part of their validity lies in the fact that, refracted in the familiar, we constantly find new meanings, a new understanding of things we thought we always knew.

The Great White Hope, developed by Howard Sackler from his own stage play, is such a film. It has all the conventional ingredients of crooked promoters, fixed fights, and a champion whose time has run out. But in this instance, of course, the champion is black, and at stake is not merely who wins the purse, but whether a black man can hold the coveted championship belt. Impregnated with the timely tint of racism, the picture succeeds in adding pertinence to all the anticipated thrills of pugilism.

In point of fact, apart from the final bout, which is limned in gloriously gory detail, *The Great White Hope* is notably abstemious in its depiction of ringside violence. Jack Jefferson's first victory is suggested by the camera's closing in on his smiling, sweating countenance. His successful defense of his title in France, where Jefferson virtually slashed his opponent to ribbons, is seen almost entirely through the averted eyes of his white wife, Eleanor. But when, ultimately, he faces The Kid in a fight that he has agreed to throw, the cameras give almost round-by-round coverage. They could hardly do less. By that time, we know the pride, the obstinacy, the bitterness in Jack Jefferson; but we are also aware of his longing to return to his country—however it has mistreated him—to his family, and to his race.

Sackler patterned his play, not too remotely, on the career of the great Jack Johnson. (A recent, feature-length documentary, *Jack Johnson*, underscores how little Sackler departed from fact in his dramatization.) The film, like the play, is classic tragedy geared for the modern audience. It begins with the white supremacists at the turn of the century who can't bear the thought of a black champion. They enlist the services of a boxer who, they hope, will defeat him. When he fails, they resort to the machinery of the law—a procedure simplified by Jefferson's (and Johnson's) preference for white girls. In the first half hour of the film, Jefferson is the classic hero, his title, his love, his world seemingly secure.

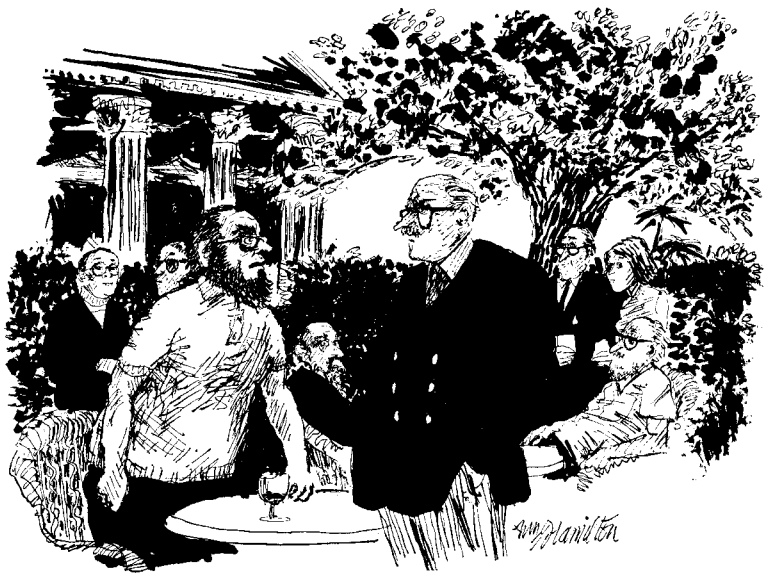
But quickly the attrition sets in. Blacks believe he has sold out to "whitey," while the whites fear a victorious Negro who might become a symbol for his race. And there is also the pride, the hubris of Jefferson, flaunting his accomplishments, his white mistress, his masculinity. The film, in a painfully personal way, depicts his ultimate humiliation—not merely the relentless governmental persecution, but the grinding erosion of his own self-esteem. It is this duality that lends not only poignance but a truly tragic stature to Jack Jefferson's final fight. We know how much he wants to win and why he has to lose.

Oddly, it is not Sackler's screenplay so much as the film medium itself—abetted by the consummate performances of James Earl Jones as Jefferson and Jane Alexander as his wife—that makes all of this so immediate and affecting. Under Martin Ritt's direction, the cameras bore in to make us always aware of the crosscurrents of emotion that motivate the characters. At times—the scene when Jefferson visits his mother before fleeing the United States; in the Mexican gym where Jefferson dismisses his wife, then learns of her suicide—the picture betrays its stage origins. But whenever we are close to Jones, which is most of the time, we are seeing into the soul of a character as only the camera can. And we forget about fight films and genres and think instead of a heroic man woefully humbled by a society that is only now beginning to comprehend the depth of its injustices.

Similarly, despite its familiar locales, *Monte Walsh*, based on a novel by Jack Schaefer, is far more than just a Western; it is, instead, an affectionate salute to a way of life and a breed of men on the point of extinction as impersonal corporations acquire and close down the ranges. Monte is a top cowhand—no pillar of virtue, but capable, hard-working, and with his own rigid code of honor. When offered a job as trick rider with a Wild West show, much as he needs the money, Monte turns it down contemptuously. "I ain't spittin' on my whole life," he tells the owner.

What that whole life was like is really the theme of *Monte Walsh*. Unlike a conventional story it is composed of vignettes—the boisterous humor of the bunkhouse, the rigors of driving a herd of wild stallions, the binge in town when the long drive is over, a rampaging session on how to bust a bronco, the ultimate loneliness of "riding fence." The episodes are bound together less by dramatic devices than by an emotional flow. You simply like and admire these people and want to know more about them. *Monte Walsh* doesn't even have a black-hearted villain. The "bad guys" here are hard times and change.

Monte Walsh marks the directorial debut of cinematographer William A. Fraker, and it is an auspicious one. Behind the camera, Fraker has lent style and distinction to such films as *The Fox*, *Rosemary's Baby*, and *Bullitt*. Not surprisingly, his new picture is suffused with the warmth of the Western sun; images, beautifully composed, have the soft, burned-out look of the West's scrub country. What *is* surpris-



"Ralph, face it, there isn't room for both of us in this think tank!"

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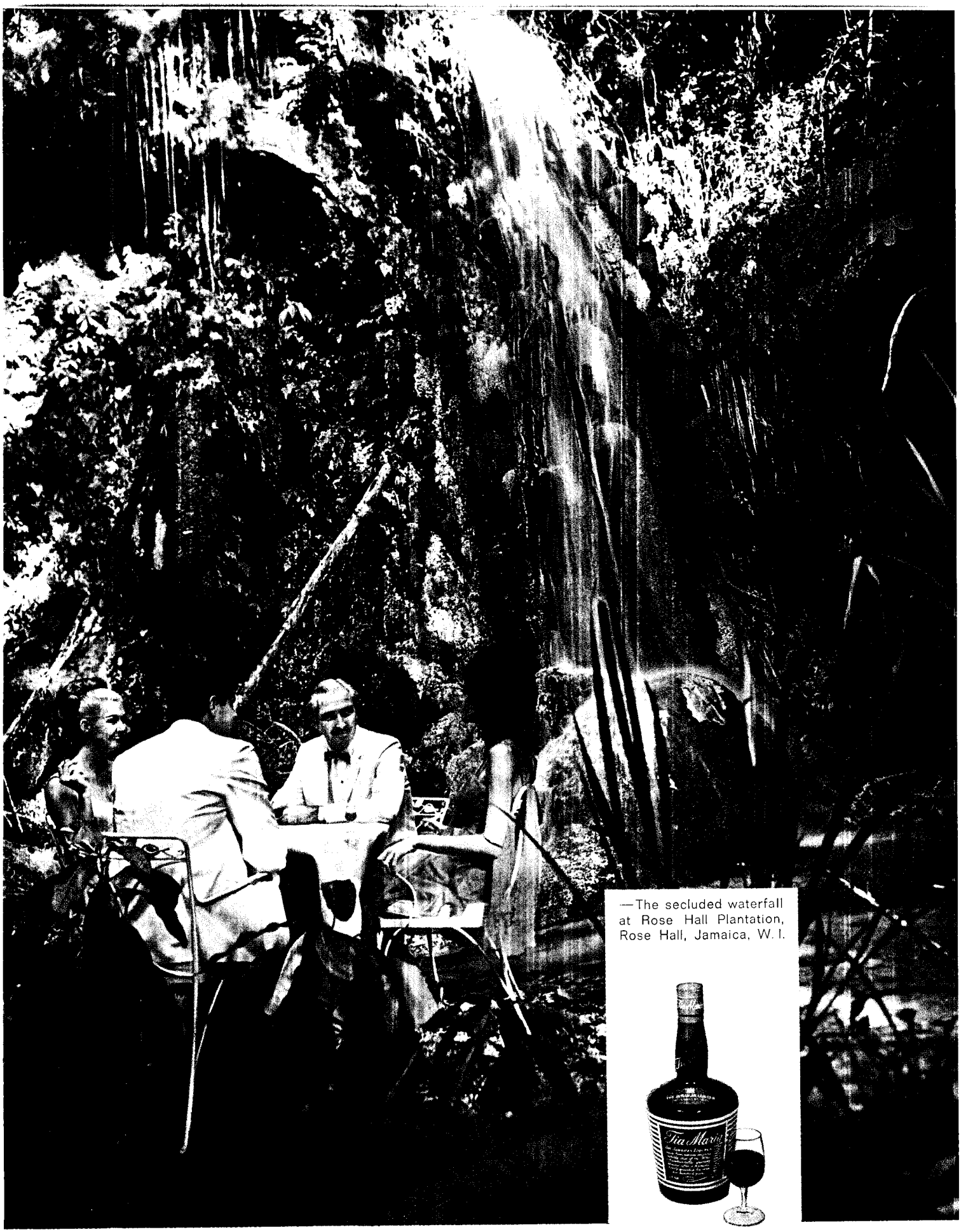

—The secluded waterfall at Rose Hall Plantation, Rose Hall, Jamaica, W. I.

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ing, however, are the controlled, responsive performances he obtained from such known over-reactors as Lee Marvin (Monte) and his grizzled sidekick, Jack Palance. Marvin may never have a finer moment than his scene, almost without dialogue, at the deathbed of Jeanne Moreau. Like everything else in this extraordinary movie, its understatement speaks volumes.

Sunflower, on the other hand, directed by the veteran Vittorio De Sica, is what used to be called a "woman's picture," and while it speaks most of the time (with almost toneless dubbed voices), it says very little. Thematically, the film is not without interest—or at least possibilities. A deserted wife searches for her husband, discovers that he has remarried, and refuses to allow him to break up a second home. Unfortunately, the Antonio Guerra-Cesare Zavattini script not only inflates everything to preposterous proportions (the search sends the wife on a walking tour of Russia), but garnishes scenes with dialogue such as, "The war—it was all so horrible,"—which De Sica underlines further with long, unpregnant pauses. De Sica, a noted gambler, used to turn to acting in often unworthy pictures whenever he ran out of ready cash. Now he seems willing to direct them. But what excuses have Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni?

Finally, during the past few years there has sprung up yet another genre, the motorcycle film, which seems just about to have replaced the low-budget cowboy pictures of an earlier era. Like the Westerns, they follow a pattern that is almost as rigid and predictable as a classic ballet, while their villains and heroes are indelibly marked from the outset. It is very difficult to parody this sort of thing, particularly since most of the motorcycle movies that are made "straight" end up pretty much as parodies anyway. But Roger Smith, the writer and coproducer of *C.C. and Company*, has made a valiant try and has come up with a picture that might well please both the unsophisticated and the initiates. While the situations and the dialogue are deliberately cliché, there is a freewheeling excitement in the cycling spills and chases that are never more than a few moments away—including a climactic grudge race that seems straight out of *Ben Hur*. To mark it as several cuts above its low-budget competition, the film stars "Broadway" Joe Namath as a particularly easygoing rider and Ann-Margret as the fashion designer who catches his (and the gang's) fancy. Like the cowboy pictures, it is all offered as sheer entertainment—and there was a time when that was what movies were all about.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Media Mystification

How Mass Media Affects Children, a recent, hour-long public television report, regrettably contributed more to a mystification of this important subject than to a clarification of it, in spite of the fact that the guiding hand was Fred Rogers (*Misterogers' Neighborhood*), a man who is genuinely concerned with television's impact on child development.

The program was an edited condensation of a two-day "hearing" of a committee headed by Rogers, conducted in preparation for the White House Conference on Children to be held in Washington, D.C., in December. "Witnesses" (chiefly child guidance experts, producers of television programs and films, and publishers of books for the young) gave "testimony" that presumably will help the Rogers group in formulating its presentation to the conference. If the television abstract was a fair indication of what the conference report will be, then the Rogers group had better seriously examine its work.

Faults of commission and omission were conspicuous in the TV portion of the presentation. The forum's main objective was to help children by "pooling the insights" of producers of commercial children's programs and of the child development professionals. As anyone who has been over this course in the past thirty years (in mental health programing as well as in children's materials) could testify, this is a hopeless, dead-end approach in a medium where the first aim is to sell air time and products. This objective is in direct, irreparable conflict with the child guidance experts, who seek the unfolding of strong, personal identities in children.

The postures of the two opposing groups are rigid and unchanging: The child experts decry the "ego-disintegrating" effects of commercially produced TV programs; the producers point to the continually shifting sands of child-development theory and ask which of the forever wrangling child experts they should listen to. In the end, say the producers, they are the decision-makers, and though they welcome consultation and endorse research, control is properly in their creative hands. Fundamentally, this latter claim is also mystifying. The producers are no more in ultimate control than the experts; the real decision-makers are the sellers of air time and products, the guardians of the "bottom line" in profit-and-loss statements. Traditionally (and the Rogers hearing was no exception), these authorities are rarely present at inquiries into the improvement of rapport between experts and producers.

The fault of omission in the TV abstract of the two-day hearings lay in the failure to include any of the testimony delivered to the committee by Dean Burch, chairman of the FCC, and by Mrs. Evelyn Sarnson, who represented Action for Children's Television (ACT). This national group has asked the FCC to ban all commercials on children's programs, to prohibit performers on such programs from "huckstering" products or services, and to require all stations to program a minimal number of hours for specific age groups.

Conversations with the producers of the Rogers program elicited the explanation that the editing was technically complicated and done under the press of deadline, that Mr. Burch's informal testimony was considered too thin, while Mrs. Sarnson's prepared text was a familiar restatement of ACT's aims and purposes.

Mrs. Sarnson originally was not invited to testify; her presence at the hearings evidently suggested a last-minute offer. The explanation that the Burch and ACT testimony lacked significance is not convincing in light of the fact that the final ten-minute-plus portion of the valuable hour was taken up by a patently political speech by Senator John O. Pastore, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Communications. His "from-the-heart" concern for the sanctity of the American family was far removed from the problems of the committee.

The program's editorial choices were mistakes—whether made for political reasons or simply out of naïveté. In any case, the public was disserved. Hearings that benefit special interests are mystifying if they are without any disinterested critique of what is going on underneath the rhetoric. The area of FCC regulation of children's programing is the crucial one to be discussed, not the relations of experts and producers, much less the campaign speeches of politicians running for re-election. We may hope that the media forum of the coming White House Conference on Children will reflect the learning derived from its preparatory hearing.

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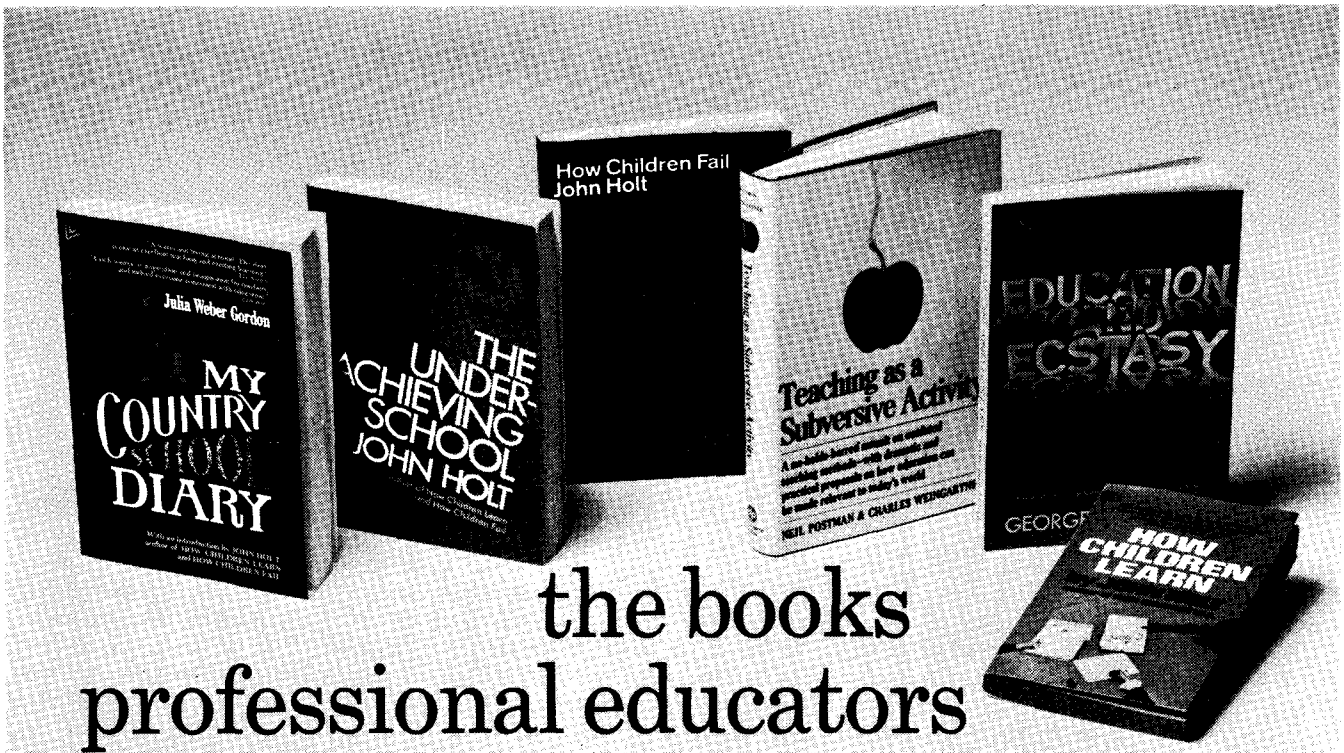

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A Time for Reconciliation

The report of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest, released late last month, provides thoughtful and informed perspective on the nature and causes of student rebellion, and offers evenhanded recommendations for healing the deep divisions that threaten our society. "Campus unrest," the commission reports, "reflects and increases a more profound crisis in the nation as a whole." And it finds that this growing crisis has two dimensions: a crisis of violence and a crisis of understanding.

On the subject of violence, the commission takes a clear and unequivocal position with which most Americans would agree: "We utterly condemn violence. Students who bomb and burn are criminals. Police and national guardsmen who needlessly shoot or assault students are criminals. All who applaud these criminal acts share their evil."

Only a small number of students have turned to violence, the commission points out, but increasing numbers, who are not themselves terrorists, are ready to condone arson and bombing—even as some of their elders are complacent about official violence turned against the students.

Therefore, the commission sees the crisis of understanding as even more basic to the campus crisis. Students have developed a new culture that is alien to their elders and that is reflected in not only their dress and lifestyles but their impatience in seeking solutions to the major issues of war, social injustice, and university reform. Among the members of this student culture, the commission finds "a growing lack of tolerance, a growing insistence that their own views must govern, an impatience with the slow procedures of liberal democracy, a growing denial of the humanity and goodwill of those who urge patience and restraint, and particularly of those whose duty it is to enforce the law."

At the same time, many Americans have displayed a comparable intolerance to the emerging culture. "Distinctive dress alone is enough to draw insult and abuse. Increasing numbers of citizens believe that students who dissent or protest peacefully deserve to be treated harshly. Some even say that when dissenters are killed, they have brought death upon themselves." Students and the larger community are moving constantly further away from common understanding.

"If this trend continues," the commission asserts bleakly, "if this crisis of understanding endures, the very survival of the nation will be threatened."

The commission's recommendations, which it emphasizes are not "cure-alls" but "rational and responsible steps that should be taken," are largely thoughtful and realistic. The university should prepare itself to take a firm but more flexible hand with dissenters, clearly define before a crisis arises the line between legitimate demonstration and impermissible conduct, and be prepared to call upon law enforcement agencies promptly when criminal violence occurs. Local and state police, as well as national guardsmen and campus security officers, should be better trained and equipped to deal with campus disorders. Public officials at every level of government are strongly urged to realize that their public statements can help to heal the divisions in society or can exacerbate the tensions that already exist. And above all, the commission appealed to the President to exercise the moral leadership of his office as a first step in reconciliation in order "to prevent violence and create understanding." Only in its recommendations for students did the commission's approach tend to become hortatory and to lack realistic specificity—a lapse that may indicate the problem that over-thirties experience in getting inside the heads of the younger generation, and consequently the difficulty of achieving a solution to the crisis of understanding. Nevertheless, the com-

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mission's comprehensive and compassionate discussion of the directions in which we as a nation should move deserves careful and thoughtful consideration.

Perhaps in an election year, when the issue of law and order on the campus has already demonstrated its vote-getting power, it is inevitable that a report that denies the simplicities of political rhetoric in dealing with so complex a subject should receive a chilly reception. But it is unfortunate that the conservative press set out to undercut the report even before it was released, and that some members of the administration have attempted to downgrade its importance. Immediately after release of the commission's report, the Vice President unleashed his heaviest rhetorical artillery in an apparent effort to counter any impact it might have on the public. And the seriousness with which the report was taken in Washington is indicated by the fact that in the weeks immediately preceding its release, the President went to unusual lengths in making clear to the country that he considered the university itself primarily responsible for restoring order on the campus.

It is encouraging, nevertheless, that the President is said to have ordered that the report be sent to governors, educators, and other officials to whom it is addressed. We can only hope that they will give it the careful consideration it deserves. For, in the words of the commission: "A nation driven to use the weapons of war upon its youth is a nation on the edge of chaos. A nation that has lost the allegiance of part of its youth is a nation that has lost part of its future." —J.C.

SR/Education Reprinted

SR's Education Supplements, which have appeared each month since September 1960 under the title "Education in America," have been reprinted in full and will be released next month by Arno Press (Box 118, 330 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017). Spanning the years 1960-69, the reprint edition will include a specially prepared cumulative index and will appear in four volumes. The prepublication price of the set (until November 1) will be $150; the price thereafter will be $175. By providing a continuing record of one of the most turbulent periods in the history of American education, it is hoped that these volumes will prove a useful tool for scholars and students. —THE EDITORS.

Letters to the Education Editor

Education/70s

THE EXCELLENT tenth anniversary education supplement [*SR*, Sept. 19], alas, may be ineffectual; it is like preaching to the converted while the blind continue to follow the blind. As book reviewer Robert E. Samples admits in that issue, he and others "in curriculum development and teacher training have been guilty for years of structuring canvases and of choosing the brushes and paints." And yet, how many structurists are willing to abandon that on which they depend?

No longer can educators presume to know what today's students will need to know tomorrow. The knowledge and technological explosions have taken care of that. Students are learning behavior for the future from people who are behaving in the present on the basis of behavior learned in the past—and the gap is widening. As Margaret Mead has said, "Parents have been rearing unknown children for an unknown world since about 1946."

In this light, it is imperative that we free students to follow their own pursuits, rather than to subject them to the molding and constraining of institutional socialization. We as teachers must impart to students not so much the skills of a curriculum as the skills of life itself.

MICHAEL K. LINDSAY,
Milwaukee, Wis.

I TAKE ISSUE with the whole collection. I'm a front-line teacher, and *SR*'s educational supplement doesn't talk to me. It gives everyone in society ammunition against me, and frankly I'm fed up.

Peter Schrag's advocacy of a voucher system would make teachers and schools *more vulnerable to the mothers who want* to run the schools on an A–B–C–D–F grading system. His bubble-bursting "End of the Impossible Dream" fails to note that Mom controls the vouchers and makes the choices. *She* knows education is a competitive force in our society. Mr. Schrag needs to talk to parents.

The Hentoffs' "Family Dialogue" is idealistic. Few people have the background or ability to choose schools, teachers, philosophies, psychologies, techniques, and subject matter in the potpourri manner of the Hentoffs. Also, you couldn't finance it on a national basis. You'd have to pay dentists' prices, and taxpayers would rather let their kids just grow up into the world instead of worrying about the child's education for "his life in it." Their own life in it is hard enough.

I am surprised that *SR* printed the distinguished Dr. John Fischer's question "Who Needs Schools?" The answer is obvious. He does! Of course, he doesn't answer the question seriously. It's a gimmick to discuss his ideas: anticlassification of students, pro-humane education, personal goals, and, above all, redefinition of "a school."

In view of the education supplement's totally pessimistic dissection of my profession, which provides quotations for every rock thrower in the nation, I wonder if I should toss in my contract, draw unemployment, and join the "Children of the Apocalypse." What stops me is the payoff, the only real compensation for my skill—that moment when a child learns something.

PETER S. BIXBY,
Cupertino, Calif.

THE ARTICLES in Education/70s did, indeed, put a spotlight on the current loss of direction in not only the public schools but schools of whatever persuasion. They also reflect considerable confusion among your writers. Sadly I must conclude that, as usual, the stirrings will last only so long, and little good will come for schools or for education as a philosophy.

JAIRUS J. DEISENROTH,
Cincinnati, O.

PETER SCHRAG states eloquently the failures of the public school system in his article "End of the Impossible Dream." I agree with him that we must work for multiple options and multiple values in our educational system.

But Mr. Schrag makes an incredibly naïve assumption. Does he seriously believe that "separate schools, accountable not to public vote and citizen support but only to their clients, may be immune to such pressures" for cautious conformity? Public vote and citizen support, as long as we have a democratic form of government, will most certainly determine to whom and for what education vouchers—paid out of the public treasury—will be used.

Why destroy what we have labored so long to build? Why trade it for a hodgepodge nonsystem, each "school" doing its own thing? Have we lost all faith in the American Dream?

PROFESSOR NEILL A. ROSSER,
School of Education,
University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

PETER SCHRAG has a brilliant mind. He's extremely articulate. He's remarkably well informed. But he could well try living on the surface of the earth—not up in the heavens. Of course, education in the United States is not what it should be. But what is? To be sure, the schools are in a state of crisis, but so is the entire country —largely because we just have too many people.

We should stop *dreaming* about what can be done in the American educational system. We should think only of how much effective education we can have with what inflated dollars we can get hold of. And then shut up on the subject for ten years or so.

CARL G. MILLER,
Spokane, Wash.

I AM A TEACHER who keeps trying to be a good teacher because I like "kids," if that is what you can call adolescents.

Regarding the tenth anniversary issue, I didn't read John Fischer's article because, skimming it, it seemed too political for me. Both of the Hentoffs made a good deal of sense, probably because they seem

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to have a good grasp of Western history.

But those other guys! Did *SR* actually *pay* them to write their articles? Sure, they made a few good points, but every good teacher already knows and tries to practice their advice. On the whole, they were much too long and much too obtuse. They really like to play with words. I'd grade them A for style and F for content —no balance. All froth.

T. MITCHELL,
Chicago, Ill.

PETER MARIN'S article "Children of the Apocalypse" was a masterful work on the problems of young people. As a sophomore in a state college, reading Mr. Marin's article was a painful reminiscence of my previous "education." His forthright statements saying that the real outrage of the schools is the systematic corruption of the relations among persons is painfully true. The schools today allow no sense of relations on an I-thou level with either student and teacher or student and student. The student is forced to adapt himself to a mentally and emotionally repressive form of indoctrination and is allowed almost no self-determination. He is an unhappy individual seeking, in a regulated, five-day-a-week "architectural fungoid," some sense of freedom, love, and approval.

Marin is perceptive, compassionate, and gentle. His article should be read and reread by all people who sincerely do care about young people and where our society is going.

RICHARD A. HIRSCH,
Van Nuys, Calif.

THANK YOU for that beautiful article by Peter Marin. I could not help feeling that one could make a significant comment on churches by substituting the word "church" for each occasion Mr. Marin used the word "school."

ALBERT O. KEAN,
Westlake, O.

I HAVE just finished reading Peter Marin's article and I will characterize it in just two words: What rot!

EDWARD HEHRLEIN,
La Jolla, Calif.

AS AN AUTHOR of textbooks in education, as well as being a contributor to journals in both education and psychology, I am certain that Peter Marin's analysis of existing conditions among American youth cannot withstand a careful logical examination. For example, Mr. Marin denies an American culture. I would suggest that he spend an extended period at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where the evolutionary history of man changed radically because of the system of values held by President Abraham Lincoln and his supporters. *That* is culture, and it was a proud event for man.

G. THOMAS ROWLAND, PH.D.
The Institute for Epistemic Studies,
Arlington, Tex.

PETER MARIN'S article was beautifully written, and after twenty years of teaching I understand his mood and his despair, but, in the long run, I think he will do more harm than good to students. Above all others perhaps, teachers should have the ability to love and a sense of humor, but if they sink into nihilism, what good are these qualities? Students need teachers who, while sensitive to the tremendous pain of living in the 1970s—or any time—refuse to be defeated by it and possess the courage, the resourcefulness, and the stubborn faith to cope.

MRS. JANE BRADFORD,
La Jolla, Calif.

THE RECENT ARTICLE by Peter Marin is the worst I have ever read in *SR*. Three of the author's dearly held beliefs are that 1) the teacher must in no sense be a teacher, but an equal and ally of the students; 2) the most human acts in colleges and high schools involve surreptitious sex between teachers and students; and 3) only in the freaked-out "life of the street" can one be free or real enough to serve the young.

Nowhere does the author mention hard work, discipline, or learning, and his own classroom attitude suggests that he isn't interested in any of them. "The adventurous presence of other real persons" may be very desirable, but somewhere along the line both teachers and students have to sober up and go to work.

Mr. Marin claims that all he wants are love and a sense of humor. As for love, I recommend that he stay away from the coeds or he may be in trouble, and as for humor, there isn't a trace of it in his whole article. A Wodehousian phrase leaps to mind as the perfect description for Marin's educational philosophy: the most frightful bilge!

ROBERT L. BATES,
Columbus, O.

I WRITE with a trembling hand after reading the recent articles by Peter Schrag and Nat and Margot Hentoff. I cannot find words to denounce strongly enough the vulgar lies and deceit that run through these articles. These effete snobs (yes, the term applies so well) are doing more to destroy public education—and, as a result, the next generation of black students—than the Strom Thurmonds have ever done.

I challenge all of these writers (hardly educators) to visit some of the public high schools of New York City to see what teaching and learning are all about. I would be happy to accompany any of them to a school of their choice in order to compare the quality of education in each school. My mind is open—I am willing to learn. Are the Hentoffs and is Schrag? Personally, I doubt it.

GERALD M. LIPTON,
Old Bridge, N.J.

I SUSPECT that the Hentoffs' children will end up in a school far more like Boston Latin than the fatuous hot-air factories they have been espousing lo these many years.

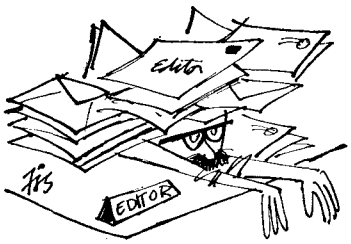
FRED RESH,
Providence Classical High '53,
Denver, Colo.

I SPENT six years at Boston Latin School, as did my contemporary Leonard Bernstein, conductor of the New York Philharmonic, and as did Benjamin Franklin and Dean Acheson. Nat Hentoff found his six years long, but mine were breathless: I assumed that my teachers were right and I should jump every hurdle they set up. I would like to suggest to the overarticulate writers of this issue, whether on crime or education, that pie-in-the-sky is a soggy weapon against the brutish obduracy of a child who watches TV all day, or of a teen-ager with his first auto and girl, or of mentally ill criminals. The first purpose of education has to be the preservation of the physical fabric of our nation. Eighteen out of the twenty-five members and alternates of the Politburo of the U.S.S.R. are engineers and technocrats, and they are graduating six times as many engineers as we are.

J. KUSTOWSKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

SR's writers, like the general public, always seem to expect more from the public schools than it is probably possible to receive. A machine can belch forth subject matter, and a willing student can absorb. If one wishes to be loving, honest, insightful, just, witty, and joyous (all qualities that I have found present in the best teachers I have known), then one must realize that a teacher's capacity to dispense these qualities depends entirely upon his having these qualities himself. Do you really believe that there are enough such people in our nation to staff our schools adequately? If there are not enough such people to fill the need, then we are indeed making an impossible demand. One can only be sympathetic with the human failure to be all these fine things and be grateful for the few opportunities one has to make contact with such people.

In the meantime, careful study, observation, experimentation, comparative education courses, and greater devotion to practicing those things of which we are convinced may lead to some improvement in a school system that does have some occasional good results. I think of the



time when my husband's mathematics students presented him with a *Peanuts* poster that said, "We may not have won any ball games, but we did have a lot of interesting discussions." I think of the kid who took time out to write back from Reed College to the high school principal to praise "the best teacher I've ever had." I think of last weekend, when I observed a group of bright, witty, well-disciplined, creative kids rolling on the floor with laughter and joy in remembering past years in school. Certainly, we are failing to realize our dreams. Certainly, we need to do much, much better. However, our schools are not a total loss. I would hate to do without them.

MRS. MADELINE WILSON,
Atascadero, Calif.

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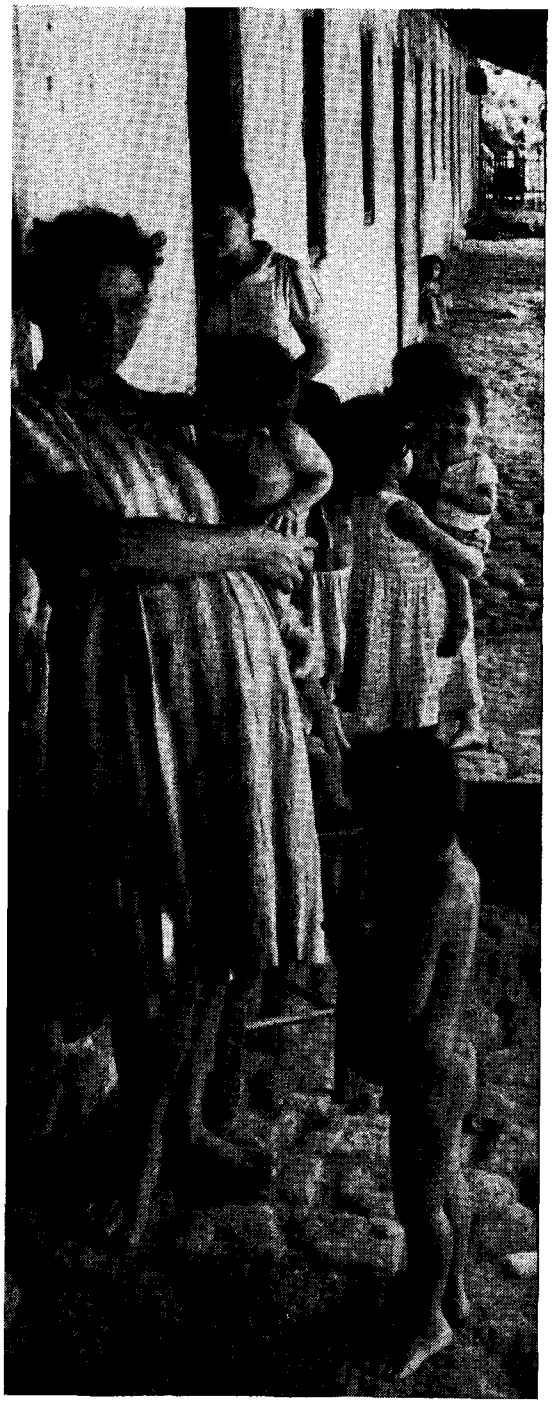
THE FALSE IDEOLOGY OF SCHOOLING



—Nancy Flowers (Bethel)

"More and more, men begin to believe that in the schooling game the loser gets only what he deserves."

by IVAN ILLICH

During the past decade, we have become used to seeing the world divided into two parts: the developed and the underdeveloped. People in the development business may prefer to speak of the developed nations and the less developed or developing nations. This terminology suggests that development is both good and inevitable. Others, especially protagonists of revolutionary change, speak of the Third World and wait for the day when the wretched of the earth will rise in armed revolt against the imperialist powers and shift control over existing institutions from north to south, from white to black, from metropolis to colony.

A vulgar example of the first assumption is the Rockefeller report on the Americas. Its doctrine has been aptly summed up by President Nixon: "This I pledge: The nation that went to the moon in peace for all mankind is ready to share its technology in peace with its nearest neighbors." The Governor, in turn, proposes that keeping the pledge might require a lot of additional weaponry in South America.

The Pearson report on partnership in development is a much more sophisticated example of the development mentality. It outlines policies that will permit a few more countries to join the charmed circle of the consumer nations, but that will actually increase the poverty of the poor in these same countries, because the strategies proposed will sell them ever more thoroughly on goods and services ever more expensive and out of their reach. The policy goals of most revolutionary movements and governments I know —and I do not know Mao's China—reflect another type of cynicism. Their leaders make futile promises that—once they are in power for a sufficient length of time—more of everything the masses have learned to know and to crave as privileges of the rich will be produced and distributed. Both the purveyors of development and the preachers of revolution advocate more of the same. They define more education as more schooling, better health as more doctors, higher mobility as more high-speed vehicles. The goals of development are always and everywhere stated in terms of consumer-value packages standardized around the North Atlantic—and therefore always and everywhere imply more privileges for a few. Political reorganization cannot change this fact; it can only rationalize it. Different ideologies create different minorities of privileged consumers, but heart surgery or a university education is always priced out of range for all but a few, be they the rich, the orthodox, or the most fascinating subjects for experiments by surgeons or pedagogues.

Underdevelopment is the result of a state of mind common to both socialist and capitalist countries. Present development goals are neither desirable nor reasonable. Unfortunately, anti-imperialism is no antidote. Although exploitation of poor countries is an undeniable reality, current nationalism is merely the affirmation of the right of colonial elites to repeat history and follow the road traveled by the rich toward the universal consumption of internationally marketed packages, a road that can ultimately lead only to universal pollution and universal frustration.

The central issue of our time remains the fact that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer. This hard fact is often obscured by another apparently contradictory fact. In the rich countries, the poor have access to a quantity and quality of commodities beyond the dreams of Louis XIV, while many of the so-called developing countries enjoy much higher economic growth rates than those of industrialized countries at a similar stage of their own histories. From icebox to toilet and from antibiotic to television, conveniences Washington could not have imagined at Mount Vernon are found necessary in Harlem, just as Bolivar could not have foreseen the

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IVAN ILLICH is director of the Center for Intercultural Documentation in Cuernavaca, Mexico, an educational organization devoted to the free discussion of ways and means of improving the cultural and social environment of the Latin American people. His article is reprinted by special permission from *Great Issues Today—1970*, published this month by *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

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social polarization now inevitable in Caracas. But rising levels neither of minimum consumption in the rich countries nor of urban consumption in the poor countries can close the gap between rich and poor nations or between the rich and poor of any one nation. Modern poverty is a by-product of a world market catering to the ideologies of an industrial middle class. Modern poverty is built into an international community where demand is engineered through publicity to stimulate the production of standard commodities. In such a market, expectations are standardized and must always outrace marketable resources.

In the United States, for all its gargantuan prosperity, real poverty levels rise faster than the median income. In the capital-starved countries, median incomes move rapidly away from rising averages. Most goods now produced for rich and poor alike in the United States are beyond the reach of all but a few in other areas. In both rich and poor nations, consumption is polarized while expectation is equalized.

During the decade now beginning, we must learn a new language, a language that speaks not of development and underdevelopment but of true and false ideas about man, his needs, and his potential. Development programs all over the world progressively lead to violence, in the form either of repression or of rebellion. This is due to neither the evil intentions of capitalists nor the ideological rigidity of communists, but to the radical inability of men to tolerate the by-products of industrial and welfare institutions developed in the early industrial age. In the late Sixties, attention was suddenly drawn to the inability of man to survive his industry. During the late Sixties, it became evident that less than 10 per cent of the human race consumes more than 50 per cent of the world's resources and produces 90 per cent of the physical pollution that threatens to extinguish the biosphere. But this is only one aspect of the paradox of present development. During the early Seventies, it will become equally clear that welfare institutions have an analogous regressive effect. The international institutionalization of social service, medicine, and education generally identified with development has equally overwhelming, destructive by-products.

We need an alternative program, an alternative both to development and to merely political revolution. Let me call this alternative program either institutional or cultural revolution, because its aim is the transformation of both public and personal reality. The political revolutionary wants to improve existing institutions—their productivity and the quality and distribution of their products. His vision of what is desirable and possible is based on consumption habits developed during the past hundred years. The cultural revolutionary believes that these habits have radically distorted our view of what human beings can have and want. He questions the reality others take for granted, a reality that is, in his view, the artificial by-product of contemporary institutions, created and reinforced by them in pursuit of their short-term ends. The political revolutionary concentrates on schooling and tooling for the environment that the rich countries, socialist or capitalist, have engineered. The cultural revolutionary risks the future on the educability of man.

The cultural revolutionary must be distinguished from not only the political magician but also both the neo-Luddite and the promoter of intermediary technology. The former behaves as if either the noble savage could be restored to the throne or the Third World transformed into a reservation for him. He opposes the internal combustion engine rather than oppose its packaging into some product designed for exclusive use by the man who owns it. Thus, the Luddite blames the producer; the institutional revolutionary tries to reshape the design and distribution of the product. The Luddite blames the machine; the cultural revolutionary heightens awareness that it produces needless demands. The cultural revolutionary must also be distinguished from the promoter of intermediary technology who is often merely a superior tactician paving the road to totally manipulated consumption.

Let me illustrate what I mean by a cultural revolution within one major international institution, by taking as an example the institution that currently produces education. I mean, of course, obligatory schooling: full-time attendance of age-specific groups in a graded curriculum.

Latin America has decided to school itself into development. This decision results in the production of homemade inferiority. With every school that is built, another seed of institutional corruption is planted, and this is in the name of growth.

Schools affect individuals and characterize nations. Individuals merely get a bad deal; nations are irreversibly degraded when they build schools to help their citizens play at international competition. For the individual, school is always a gamble. The chances may be very slim, but everyone shoots for the same jackpot. Of course, as any professional gambler knows, it is the rich who win in the end, and the poor who get hooked. And if the poor man manages to stay in the game for a while, he will feel the pain even more sharply when he does lose, as he almost inevitably must. Primary school dropouts in a Latin American city find it increasingly difficult to get an industrial job.

But no matter how high the odds, everyone plays the game, for there is, after all, only one game in town. A scholarship may be a long shot, but it is a chance to become equal to the world's best-trained bureaucrats. And the student who fails can console himself with the knowledge that the cards were stacked against him from the outset.

More and more, men begin to believe that in the schooling game the loser

—Nancy Flowers (Bethel)

"The goals of development everywhere imply more privileges for a few."

gets only what he deserves. The belief in the ability of schools to label people correctly is already so strong that people accept their vocational and marital fates with a gambler's resignation. In cities, this faith in school-slotting is on the way to sprouting a more creditable meritocracy—a state of mind in which each citizen believes that he deserves the place assigned to him by school. A perfect meritocracy, in which there would be no excuses, is not yet upon us, and I believe it can be avoided. It must be avoided, since a perfect meritocracy would not only be hellish, it would be hell.

Educators appeal to the gambling

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instinct of the entire population when they raise money for schools. They advertise the jackpot without mentioning the odds. And those odds are high indeed for someone who is born brown, poor, or on the pampa. In Latin America, no country is prouder of its legally obligatory admission-free school system than Argentina. Yet, only one Argentinian of 5,000 born into the lower half of the population gets as far as the university.

What is only a wheel of fortune for an individual is a spinning wheel of irreversible underdevelopment for a nation. The high cost of schooling turns education into a scarce resource, as poor countries accept that a certain number of years in school makes an educated man. More money gets spent on fewer people. In poor countries, the school pyramid of the rich countries takes on the shape of an obelisk, or a rocket. School inevitably gives individuals who attend it and then drop out, as well as those who don't make it at all, a rationale for their own inferiority. But for poor nations, obligatory schooling is a monument to self-inflicted inferiority. To buy the schooling hoax is to purchase a ticket for the back seat in a bus headed nowhere.

Schooling encrusts the poorest nations at the bottom of the educational bucket. The school systems of Latin America are fossilized records of a dream begun a century ago. The school pyramid is abuilding from top to bottom throughout Latin America. All countries there spend more than 20 per cent of their national budgets and nearly 5 per cent of their Gross National Products on its construction. Teachers constitute the largest profession, and their children are frequently the largest group of students in the upper grades. Fundamental education either is redefined as the foundation for schooling and therefore placed beyond the reach of the unschooled and the early dropout or it is defined as a remedy for the unschooled, which will only frustrate him into accepting inferiority. Even the poorest countries continue to spend disproportionate sums on graduate schools—gardens that ornament the penthouses of skyscrapers built in a slum.

Bolivia is well on the way to suicide by an overdose of schooling. This impoverished, landlocked country creates papier-mâché bridges to prosperity by spending more than a third of its entire budget on public education and half as much again on private schools. A full half of this educational misspending is consumed by 1 per cent of the school-age population. In Bolivia, the university student's share of public funds is a thousand times greater than that of his fellow citizen of median income. Most Bolivian people live outside the city, yet only 2 per cent of the rural population makes it to the fifth grade. This discrimination was legally sanctioned in 1967 by declaring grade school obligatory for all—a law that made most people criminal by fiat, and the rest immoral exploiters by decree. In 1970, the university entrance examinations were abolished with a flourish of egalitarian rhetoric. At first glance, it does seem a libertarian advance to legislate that all high school graduates have a right to enter the university—until you realize that fewer than 2 per cent of Bolivians finish high school.

Bolivia may be an extreme example of schooling in Latin America. But on an international scale, Bolivia *is* typical. Few African or Asian countries have attained the progress now taken for granted there.

Cuba is perhaps an example of the other extreme. Fidel Castro has tried to create a major cultural revolution. He has reshaped the academic pyramid. Yet, the Cuban pyramid is still a pyramid. There is no doubt that the redistribution of privilege, the redefinition of social goals, and the popular participation in the achievement of these goals have reached spectacular heights in Cuba since the Revolution. For the moment, however, Cuba is only showing that under exceptional political conditions the present school system can be expanded exceptionally. But there are built-in limits to the elasticity of present institutions, and Cuba is at the point of reaching them. The Cuban Revolution will work—within these limits. Which only means that Dr. Castro will have masterminded a faster road to a bourgeois meritocracy than those previously taken by capitalists or Bolsheviks. Sometimes, when he is not promising schools for all, Castro hints at a policy of de-schooling for all, and the Isle of Pines seems to be a laboratory for redistribution of educational functions to other social institutions. But unless Cuban educators admit that work-education effective in a rural economy can be even more effective in an urban one, Cuba's institutional revolution will not begin. No cultural revolution can be built on the denial of reality.

As long as communist Cuba continues to promise obligatory high school completion by the end of this decade, it is, in this regard, institutionally no more promising than fascist Brazil, which has made a similar promise. In both Brazil and Cuba, enough girls have already been born to double the number of potential mothers in the 1980s. Per capita resources available for education can hardly be expected to double in either country, and even if they could, no progress would have been made at all. In Brazil and in Cuba, waiting for Godot is equally futile. Without a radical change in their institutional goals, both "revolutions" must make fools of themselves. Unfortunately, both seem headed for manifest foolishness, albeit by different routes. The Cubans allow work, party, and community involvement to nibble away at the school year, and call this involvement radical education, while the Brazilians let U.S. experts peddle teaching devices that only raise the per capita cost of classroom attendance.

The production of inferiority through schooling is more evident in poor countries and perhaps more painful in rich countries. In the United States, the 10 per cent with the highest incomes can provide most of the education for their children through private institutions. Yet, they also succeed in obtaining ten times more of the public resources devoted to education than the poorest 10 per cent of the popula-

(*Continued on page 68*)

—*Nancy Flowers (Bethel)*

"In the shadow of each national school pyramid, an international caste system is wedded to an international class structure."

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CUBA'S SCHOOLS, TEN YEARS LATER

by MARVIN LEINER

—*Marvin Leiner*

"In the decade following the Revolution, the number of schools rose by 500 per cent, with enrollment in primary schools alone doubling."

In education, the Dickensian paradox still holds: It is the best of times, and it is the worst of times. In Cuba, the paradox is not nearly so startling as it is in the United States, but problematical nevertheless. Two years ago, Ronald Steel, after returning from Cuba, summed it up this way: "It is a perplexing society: exhilarating and repressive, experimental and puritanical, idealistic and expedient." Today, the Cubans still suffer from much of the Batista legacy and their own knotty problems, in education no less than in other sections of their life. Yet the accomplishments of the Revolution—especially in the education of their children—are extensive, going far beyond what one could have possibly anticipated or fondly predicted.

The social changes on that small island during the last decade have been legion. As Maurice Zeitlin of the University of Wisconsin has put it: "Scarcely an aspect of the prerevolutionary social structure in Cuba has remained intact, primarily because of the expropriation of the former owning classes, the virtual elimination of private property in the system of production and distribution, and the establishment of a centrally planned, publicly owned economy."

The educational statistics alone are impressive. In the decade following the Revolution, the number of schools has increased 500 per cent, with enrollment in primary schools alone doubling from three-quarters of a million under Batista to nearly a million-and-a-half under Castro. The teaching force in primary education has more than doubled, from 17,355 to 47,876.

As far as secondary education goes, the numbers are even more dramatic. Before the Revolution there were only 2,580 high school teachers for 63,500 students; ten years later, there are more than 10,000 teachers and 172,000 high school children—nearly three times the number enrolled in the system before Castro took power.

The figures for other levels of education are equally impressive. The number of students in technical schools has more than quadrupled. The number of agricultural schools has increased from zero to thirty-seven. The faculty in colleges and universities has grown from a meager thousand before the Revolution to almost 5,000 today. The number of students in higher education has doubled. In special education, only one public school existed in the practically defunct Batista system. Today, more than one hundred schools are available for almost 8,000 students and their more than 1,000 teachers. The numbers go on—adding strength to the Revolution's record of achievement.

Throughout Cuba, in the city streets and alongside rural roads, banners proclaim education as one of the most important themes of the Revolution, but they are not simply the slogans of a massive propaganda apparatus grinding out platitudes like "The path up from underdevelopment is education," or "The school plan is your responsibility." The slogans and banners reflect the serious business of education in Cuba today. Together with their emphasis on economic growth, Cubans give education top priority. And the numerical results, at least, testify to it. One-quarter of the country's people go to school; two million of its total population of eight million are enrolled in a free educational program that takes them from nursery school through the university.

With the growth in Cuba's student population came the parallel demand for teachers. But where would they come from? The exodus of the country's middle class on those flights from Havana to Miami had nearly depleted whatever meager literate resources Batista had ungraciously left behind. Never before had a socialist revolution permitted its fat cats to flee in such numbers and with such license. In the medical school of Havana University alone, only thirteen of its former 300

MARVIN LEINER is assistant professor of education at Queens College of the City University of New York and is presently working at Yale as a visiting fellow. He recently spent a year in Cuba studying the school system.

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medical professors stayed behind. Forced to take emergency measures, the Castro regime made extraordinary concessions to fill the teaching gap by appointing recent college graduates and even undergraduates to teach in the university; seventeen-year-olds with high school diplomas were sent to teach in primary schools, and older women with sixth grade education were sent to nursery schools.

These stopgaps, while filling the critical demand, have not been and will not be without serious failings. Under such conditions, it is difficult, if not next to impossible, to expect minimally trained personnel to perform with the same sensitivity and intelligence as experienced teachers. At the Ministry of Education level, innovative experiments are discussed with passion and perception by psychologists and educators who speak with critical knowledge of recent worldwide developments in educational reform. Teachers in the classroom, often as not, offer their students a teacher-dominated learning experience, demanding strict obedience to rules. As Castro proclaims the dawn of the New Cuban Man to enthusiastic crowds, many teachers in Cuban schools approach the children with the same tired methods used in boring classrooms throughout the world.

Of course, generalizations about what is going on in the classrooms do not hold for all teachers and all programs. Creative experiments and techniques designed by Cuban teachers and leadership show signs of breaking through. In the mountains of Oriente Province, I visited some classes where the children and teachers looked as if they were taking part in a theater-games workshop run by Mike Nichols. What was really going on was a teaching and learning method for beginning readers called "Mimica," developed by a teacher in Oriente to help her own class learn to read. Following this new technique, the teacher begins by telling her class a story about a family with five children (the five vowels). The story continues through the year with every letter of the alphabet. It is told in mime with hand motion, by writing, and in games. According to teachers and administrators, the Mimica system has had enormous success, and it now has been adopted throughout the mountainous region of southern Oriente. During the 1967-68 period, 34,000 children were learning to read through the Mimica system.

As might be expected, however, most curriculum changes and developments start at the Ministry of Education. For example, a modern mathematics course is now being introduced on what appears to be a rather coordinated, planned, and staggered schedule —unlike Cuba's earlier crash programs.

Four years ago, the Minister of Education asked Nuñoz Berra, head of the mathematics curriculum from kindergarten to twelfth grade, to study mathematics programs in other countries to determine what was best for Cuba. Familiar with much of what is going on in the United States, including the Greater Cleveland program and the University of Illinois program, she was also aware of the strengths of the European systems and materials, such as the Nuffield program and the use of Cuisenaire rods. At the end of her study, it was clear that Cuba had to move toward a more modern approach. Sensitive to Cuba's current needs, Berra explained, "With our limited resources, it would have been unwise to attempt any research project of our own. At that time, we could not afford the luxury of extended, serious research."

Impressed by some U.S. programs, Berra said that it would nevertheless be foolish to adopt one from the United States, because of "the present political situation between our two countries." Instead, Cuba went the East German route, where a new math system was also being introduced. "A program is not just an outline and curriculum plans," she continued. "We would like professional interchange—opportunities to visit, to send teachers, to receive professors." By latching on to the East Germans, the Cubans had a chance to work closely with experienced mathematicians and educators. In 1968 and 1969, two East German professors of mathematics education went to Cuba to hold workshops on their method with Cuban teachers and administrators. In sessions I attended, during a year there in 1968-69, teachers from all the provinces met mornings and afternoons for several weeks. A smaller group of selected teachers held a TV workshop seminar.

During 1967-68, twenty classes experimented with the new math program. Last year, 1,000 classes participated, and at present all of the first grade has begun. Each year a new grade will be added until the program reaches all levels. Unashamedly, the Cubans lifted the German new math text practically without changing a comma.

Despite heavy use of foreign materials, the Ministry of Education has not been idle. Actively publishing its own texts, the ministry's last twenty-eight were all developed by collectives. Whether a first-grade reader or a seventh-grade math text, all materials are now created by a team of technical specialists, consultants, teachers, and students. Children test each book and criticize specific content and questions. These new Cuban texts do not credit individual authors; instead, a paragraph cites the collective or unit in the ministry that prepared it.

I have not yet analyzed these curriculum materials in detail, but I can offer some tentative first impressions. In quality the layout, visuals, and content vary with each text, and, although many are of a fairly good standard, some, such as the first editions of *Math I* and *Math II*, use difficult language, above the level of many children in the grade, or they bite off on a page far too much for a youngster to chew. To its credit, however, the new collective system offers built-in feedback with the advantage of pilot testing so that teach-

—Marvin Leiner

"In its efforts to break the dichotomy between city and country, Cuba has introduced its own unique contribution to education: the Escuela al Campo."

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ers and students can then incorporate their corrections before wide distribution.

Attempts to overcome the teacher shortage have met with varying degrees of success. Cuba has moved on a number of fronts, the most surprising of which has been the massive, integrated use of television, especially in the secondary schools. No other nation, whether economically advanced or underdeveloped, has taken the medium so seriously. With almost every secondary school classroom in the country equipped with not one but two TV sets, Cuban viewers may yet become the first people in the world to think of television as a machine wired for culture rather than commercials.

A staff of 162 instructors and consultants prepares lessons broadcast four hours each day on every high school subject. Ninety-two technicians and directors assist in production. Essentially, TV is used to raise the quality of instruction by exposing children and teachers alike to talented personnel. Of course, as an interim step, it fills holes in staff posts at schools all over Cuba by permitting the screen to take over when a teacher with appropriate qualifications is just not there to teach subject matter called for by the curriculum.

Long range, the continuous stream of young people through Cuba's growing teacher training institutes will be its only way out of the deepening shortage of quality instructors. To this end, the Makarenko Teacher's Institutes, named after the Soviet educator and innovator and with boarding schools in each province, offer intensive courses for Cuba's future teaching force for the primary grades. The five-year program stresses student teaching, with the last three years given over almost entirely to student teaching. On any morning at Tarará, the large teacher training center outside Havana, a fleet of small buses parades to the city, taking students to the 259 student-teaching schools in Havana. Unlike the way teachers are trained in the U.S., each student is given his own class, supervised by a principal from the institute itself. With no cooperating teacher in the classrooms to guide them, the students are evaluated daily instead by their supervisor-principal. These principals, who look after almost a dozen young students, routinely discuss classroom problems and lessons with each student teacher in their charge. Instructors in academic subjects at the institutes are themselves young graduates of the program who are guided by veteran teachers or consultants.

Seriously committed, these young people study intensively from early in the morning until far into the night. Self-government is the rule for practically every turn and corner of a student's life—from the privacy of study and sleep, to the more public activities of recreation and military training. In Cuba, students are not part of the problem; they are part of the Revolution.

Last year, Cuban primary training was decentralized with each province responsible for its own five-year program. Before that, all first-year education students attended a remote mountain school in the Sierras of Oriente. Purposely built in Minas del Frío, one of the most rural outposts in Cuba, it was intended to train young people to be prepared for the primitive, isolated conditions found in many parts of the country. After a year at Minas del Frío, even the softest child of the Revolution would be ready for the toughest assignment.

In its continuing efforts to break the dichotomy between city and country and to bring the benefits of the Revolution to its natural birthplace—the mountains and out-of-the-way villages —Cuba has introduced one of its own unique contributions in the history of education: the Escuela al Campo or "School to the Countryside." For forty-five days each secondary school moves into the country. Children work in the fields, do some homework, play games and sports, and, of course, have "political discussions."

For Cuba, the Escuela al Campo fulfills much of what the Revolution intends to offer its children: a respect for work as a good, in and of itself; an appreciation of the difficulty of manual labor, particularly agricultural work; a sense of the benefits of comradeship and communal life; and a knowledge of self-discipline. There is another benefit, as the Ministry of Education admits: "Although this plan was conceived not for economic but rather educational purposes, it helps to solve production problems."

I visited several *campamentos* and lived in two of them for several weeks. The students are responsible for cleaning and servicing the dormitories, and doing kitchen work. Their tasks also include sprucing up the site—building benches, creating murals, constructing miniature parks, and the like. In practice, the program encourages student involvement—active participation in most of the affairs of the group and watchdog self-government. Like most camps, the ones I came to know were organized around the standard brigade unit of about ten students. Brigade leaders, elected by their peers, worked together with the student school leadership on self-governing councils. The children themselves head the camp's four principal sections: production, education, recreation, and politics. The brigades were evaluated along almost parallel lines: work, study, organization, and discipline. In talks with students and teachers alike, I learned that they all had a common view of what made an effective leader: one who is given greater responsibility, not greater privilege; one who works harder and offers a model of dedication, not a bureaucrat.

Teachers and principals live in dormitories and work alongside their students in the fields, planting sugar cane and harvesting the stalks with mighty, slashing sweeps of their machetes. In addition to the hard work, meager pay, and difficult conditions, principals do

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—Barbara Dane (Bethel)

Cuba's "circulos infantiles" stress health care, provide three balanced meals a day, and deal with child-development problems.

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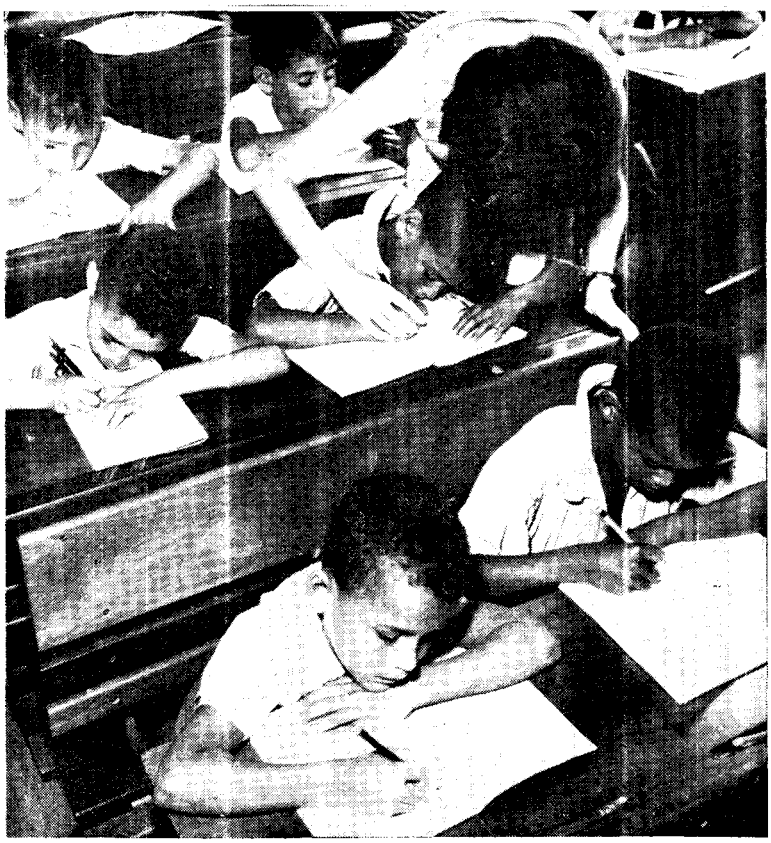

—Manchete Press Agency

REVOLUTION AND EDUCATION IN LATIN AMERICA

BRAZIL: A GIANT BEGINS TO STIR

by FAY HAUSSMAN

Education in Brazil, as in many Latin American countries, has reached only a fraction of the population. A steady rise in expenditures during the past two decades has resulted in greatly expanded schooling, but in disappointingly little social mobility, and, in Brazil, social and economic contrasts have been sharpened rather than blunted. Even though the number of youngsters in Brazilian schools has tripled over the past fifteen years, 31 per cent of the population remains illiterate—one of the highest rates in Latin America—and only small numbers of the so-called rural and urban "marginals" have been drawn into productive society.

A sparsely settled giant, with prodigious but still largely untapped sources of mineral and agricultural wealth, Brazil has a problem that can be stated most dramatically in economic terms: Despite a rapidly expanding economy, the total Gross National Product in 1969 was produced by little more than 10 per cent of the population.

Brazilian schools face many hurdles before they can come close to providing universal education. Perhaps the chief obstruction is the traditional system of academic schools that prepare progressively smaller proportions of each succeeding age group for one of Brazil's selective universities—and for little else. In secondary education, for example, the rising middle class has disdained efforts to develop new industrial and agricultural schools because they led to manual and technical jobs and not to prestigious positions in government or the professions. Even though the schools' rigid academic curricula screened out nearly 99 per cent of all children before they reached higher education, the road remained, by parents' preference, unalterably directed toward the chimeric goal of the university.

As is true in other developing countries saddled with post-colonial, elitist systems of education, more of the same will change little in Brazil. A true revolution in education will be needed if there is to be any real improvement. Some international experts, seeking shortcuts to effective reform, even suggest the total elimination of schools as we know them because they consider them too expensive and far too slow to provide what developing countries need in a hurry. Such a perspective may be farsighted and pragmatic, but it is not realistic for Brazil today, where standards continue to be shaped by a small and powerful elite that accepts change only with reluctance. If any reform is to come in the foreseeable future, it must be less radical in scope and proceed at a slower pace.

Forty years ago sudden economic changes made Brazilians aware of their pressing need for schools; today everyone knows that the educational system has reached the point of no return and that the country's social and economic progress will, to no small extent, depend on what it teaches its children in the schools. While democratic and humanitarian considerations remain largely buried under the paternalistic traditions of an elitist society, modern economic values are being accepted and assimilated with promising alacrity. Brazilians increasingly are asking why their country, with its enormous endowments—size, mineral wealth, sources of hydroelectric power, and, perhaps most remarkable, ethnic and cultural homogeneity—remains one of the underprivileged nations of the Third World. And the traditional view that developing an economically backward country requires massive infusions of capital is today being quali-

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FAY HAUSSMAN, who lived in Brazil for many years, is a free-lance journalist and "realistic Leftist" commentator on Brazilian affairs.

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fied by the awareness that an educated people—productive manpower—forms an indispensable part of that capital. Therefore, "Education as an investment" is the new Brazilian slogan.

As a result, the new trend in Brazilian education aims to break the archaic patterns of the past, which are largely responsible for the enormous dropout rate at every level, and substitute studies that will prepare a broad range of youngsters for the labor force.

One of the main thrusts of the new effort to reorient basic education has centered on middle-level schools, considered the bottleneck of Brazilian education. The woefully small proportion of students who attend these schools—less than 30 per cent of the age group—so far have had little to show for years of irrelevant and often economically inconvenient studies. Seeking to reconcile practical needs with established cultural patterns, Brazilian education experts and government planners in the last decade have come up with a school that combines the modern with the traditional and which is "transitional as well as terminal." Although it is still largely in the planning stage, a number of states have been experimenting with the new middle-level school for the past four years.

The Brazilian middle-level school, which follows the first four primary grades, is broken down into four years of *ginásio* and three years of *colégio.* According to the new concept, the old *ginásios acadêmicos* are to be replaced by *ginásios orientados para o trabalho,* or GOTs, where compulsory vocational courses will complement a general but far less rigid academic curriculum. The student will have two years to familiarize himself with the three vocational areas, or *técnicas*—industrial, agricultural, and home education—and for the last two years will concentrate on the one most suitable for him.

Thus, the GOT will fill both of the so far irreconcilable needs of Brazilian middle-level education. Any student who wants and is able to continue his studies can go on to a *colégio* and, ultimately, a university as before, while the masses of youngsters for whom a *ginásio* will mean the end of school will need only a minimum of additional vocational training to enter the labor market well prepared.

A project for implementing the new middle-level school concept was developed by a team of Brazilian and American specialists in a little-publicized collaboration between the Ministry of Education and Culture (MEC) and the U.S. Agency for International Development (USAID). In November 1969, a loan agreement was signed among USAID, MEC, and Brazil's Ministries of Planning and Finance. It has made available $64-million—half from USAID, half out of Brazilian federal funds—for the construction over four years of nearly 300 GOTs (for about 280,000 youngsters) and the training of approximately 20,000 GOT teachers and administrators. The majority of the new GOTs will be located in four states that have already experimented with them. But the expectation is that future loans from other international organizations will contribute to the construction of GOTs all over Brazil.

Among the four states covered under the new agreement is Bahia, one of Brazil's oldest, poorest, and least developed northeastern states. Two main reasons make education particularly urgent for this poverty-stricken area. The first is political and simple. Any Brazilian over eighteen can vote *if he is literate.* Since the number of representatives in Brazil's House of Deputies is proportionate to the number of voters, Brazil's developed southern and south central states with their higher literacy rate are being unfairly favored over the northeastern states with their far greater needs.

The second reason is more complex. Ten years of massive and mainly industrial investments in the northeast have proved startlingly counterproductive: The new ultramodern, automated industries are absorbing only a minimum number of workers and so far increase rather than relieve unemployment and social inequities. On the other hand, 48 per cent of the region's domestic products continue to be agricultural, but making agriculture profitable would demand not only large-scale irrigation but also genuine agrarian reform—often discussed, repeatedly decreed, but never truly implemented because of concerted passive resistance of the landowners and the lack of social and political awareness of the uneducated masses. Only more education will make the people of Brazil's northeast aware of the scope of their needs and prepare them to solve their complex problems.

For the past three years, Bahia has been converting a number of its *ginásios* to GOTs by grafting one or all of the three vocational courses on to their curricula by means of new "shops" called *oficinas,* which were built exactly according to MEC specifications so as to obtain MEC funds for their equipment. The conversions are continuing, but each of the fifty-eight new GOTs that Bahia is building with MEC-USAID money will be far bigger and accommodate many more children than any of those operating at present.

Another northeastern state converting to GOTs is Pernambuco, whose capital of Recife, with graceful waterways and filigreed silhouette set against a crystal-blue, tropical sky, is called the "Venice of South America." One of Latin America's oldest cities, Recife today is the third largest city in Brazil with skyscrapers rising over the picturesque borough of Bôa Vista, where the Dutch invaders landed in 1630.

To the multiple problems it shares with the rest of Brazil's northeast, Recife has added some of its own. New jobs go begging. In 1969, a vigorously growing paper industry and proliferating machine shops offered 19,000 jobs for skilled workers and middle-level technicians. None of Recife's 14,000 employable jobless could qualify for them.

Since it is not among the four states covered by the MEC-USAID agreement, Pernambuco is gradually transforming former trade schools and *ginásios acadêmicos* into modern *ginásios industriais* that, in essence, are transitional GOTs. They offer one or two vocational programs, and their curricula are being adapted to GOT norms. Clearly these transitional GOTs are a promising step toward the long-range effort to construct brand-new and costly middle-level schools everywhere in Brazil. Meanwhile, they are accomplishing what the old *ginásios acadêmicos* didn't, simply by their realistic concept and curriculum.

One such transitional GOT is the Ginásio Industrial Guedes Alcoforado. It is a whitewashed, one-story building on one of the main streets of Olinda, a suburb of Recife whose bright, clean streets, with rows of tiny, multicolored houses, form a low-income workers' section where the people strive for middle-class values.

According to its director, the Ginásio

(*Continued on page* 71)

—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer)*

The new trend in Brazilian education aims to prepare a broad range of youngsters for the labor force.

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Schools Make News

The Public Views Its Schools

IN 1970, the public is beginning to question the judgment of the schools' experts. People are demanding more effective ways of measuring both student achievement and the quality of teachers, according to a recent Gallup International public opinion survey sponsored by the Denver-based foundation CFK, Ltd., in the second of what is to be an annual series of polls charting the public's attitude toward its schools.

The 1970 survey states that the public retains a high regard for its school system, but it also brings forth a new dimension with which educators must reckon. No longer, it seems, will the traditional ways of judging the quality of education—modern facilities or a winning football team—suffice. Three out of four of those interviewed want national testing so that different performances across the country can be compared on a community-by-community basis. Two-thirds favor holding teachers and administrators responsible for student achievement. Some 58 per cent believe that teachers should be paid for "quality of work" rather than on a "standard scale" basis.

The 1969 survey did not deal specifically with the question of accountability. It asked people to state their major complaints about the schools, and, as in 1970, they named lack of discipline the most pressing problem facing the schools. Over 53 per cent of the adults questioned in 1970 thought discipline was "not strict enough." Other problems mentioned in both surveys are busing, financial support, "good" teachers, and improving school facilities.

In 1970, more than half of all parents of children in the schools have had the advantage of some high school or college education. They are, as a body, innovative and ready to experiment in certain areas: 72 per cent of the parents favor sex education in the schools; and 43 per cent are willing to back the controversial "voucher" plan, whereby a certain sum is allotted for the education of each child, and parents can then decide which school their child should attend. But in matters of school rules, curriculum, and student dress, the overwhelming majority of parents opposes giving students more active participation, and believe that the curriculum is reality-based and should not be changed. Although citizens are extremely worried about the schools' maintaining discipline, only two in ten parents are aware of any student protests in their schools.

—*Wide World*

The Commission on Campus Unrest reports: " . . . divisions of society as deep as any since the Civil War."

The 1969 survey pointed out that two-thirds of the people would like to have more specific information about their schools, and this comes out even more strongly in the desire for specific accountability in 1970. The best-educated adults, falling back on their own experiences, are the ones most likely to be critical of school policies and their own children's achievements. And the survey notes that the amount of education an adult has correlates strongly with his willingness to pass bond issues and actually to go vote for them. This year, when approved school-bond issues have fallen to the lowest mark since 1962, it is important, concludes the survey, that the schools tell their stories, their aims and problems, more effectively to the public.

"Each Against All"?

TO DO THEIR PART in preventing a violent clash of "each against all," the nation's colleges and universities last month were urged by the President's Commission on Campus Unrest to increase their capability to respond effectively to disorder, to refocus their efforts on education, including more flexible and varied course requirements and procedural policies, and to disentangle themselves from forms of outside research and service that compromise the goals of teaching.

The commission's findings and recommendations, as well as a call "to the American people," were presented to President Nixon, who established the nine-member commission headed by William W. Scranton, former Governor of Pennsylvania, last spring after four students were shot to death by the National Guard at Kent State University in Ohio.

To deal with a crisis of violence and lack of understanding, the commission made specific recommendations for action by four sectors of the national community: the President, law enforcement agencies, the universities, and the students. The recommendations directed at the university were based on the conclusions that institutions of higher education generally were not well organized for handling disruption and that there were weaknesses in policies and structures that aggravated student discontent over national issues and heightened discontinuities and intolerance created by the emergence of a new "youth culture."

The commission urged colleges and universities to:

- permit at least as much freedom of speech and conduct as that guaranteed by the First Amendment;
- promulgate behavior codes outlining the limits of conduct and to strengthen disciplinary procedures;
- respond promptly to criminal violence by calling in law enforcement agencies;
- change programs and policies to meet the new conditions of the emerging youth culture and the expansion of higher education by making teaching programs, degree structures, and transfer and leave policies more flexible and varied;
- reform governance systems to increase the participation of students and faculties in policies that affect them;
- reduce outside service commitments so that the universities can remain politically neutral. This recommendation was also addressed to faculty members and was qualified by acknowledging that universities must foster the free exchange of ideas, that all members of the academic community have a right to participate in whatever causes they choose, and that if outside research and service are to be severed from the institutions, "this will mean more unrestricted aid to higher education will be needed."

The commission's recommendations aimed at students consisted mostly of moralistic preaching and chastised them for bad manners, intolerance, giving moral support to those who plan violence, and using offensive language.

Degrees by Examination

THE NEW YORK STATE Board of Regents has always transferred its authority to award college degrees to

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institutions of higher education that require their students to attend classes and pass courses to earn their degrees. Under a plan proposed last month, the middlemen, colleges and universities, would no longer be necessary; the Regents themselves would award college degrees solely on the basis of a series of examinations.

In explaining the plan, Ewald B. Nyquist, New York's new commissioner of education, said thousands of people have learned skills that move society forward, but because of the demand for formal credentials, many are penalized or are frozen in their positions due to a lack of degrees. "What we need," he said, is "a more flexible and open system of education."

The "external degree" program will make college certification available to everyone and should be particularly attractive to minority groups and working adults who have acquired expertise in their jobs but have neither the time nor money to return to the campus. Initial testing, which will be included in the 1971-72 budget, will concentrate on such specific fields as nursing and business administration. For example, a nurse might take an examination after some work experience and qualify as a registered nurse without returning to the classroom. The Department of Education will develop the tests and offer TV courses and study guides as interim preparation.

The idea of college credit through examination is not new. Nyquist's proposal is rooted in the College Proficiency Examination Program, which the New York Department of Education has been running since 1963. Tests developed and graded by a faculty committee from New York colleges have been given in specific subjects; credit at a university has been awarded to the successful applicant. On a national scale, the College Entrance Examination Board, working with a $2-million Carnegie Corporation grant, has administered tests prepared by the Educational Testing Service in fifty-nine testing centers across the United States since 1967. Called the College-Level Examination Program (CLEP), it permits anyone—through independent study or work experience—to get credit for up to two years of college by taking the series of tests. Five hundred universities, among them the University of California, the University of Rhode Island, and the University of Chicago School of Business, will honor this advanced standing.

Both the New York and CLEP programs, however, depend on college cooperation and require further college attendance for a degree because neither can award the bachelor of arts degree as Nyquist has proposed. Success in both has been marginal. CLEP admits that the response from adults to whom the program should appeal has been disappointingly small, and returning GIs have formed the majority of participants. The earlier New York program has had no real return until recently. From 1963 to 1969, examinations were given in the state in as many as thirty different fields, but only 4,700 persons took advantage of them. State officials note, however, that so far in 1970 over 5,000 people have taken tests for credit. They are optimistic that public response is growing and that Nyquist's proposal, the first in any state, is an idea whose time has arrived.

For Teacher Dropouts

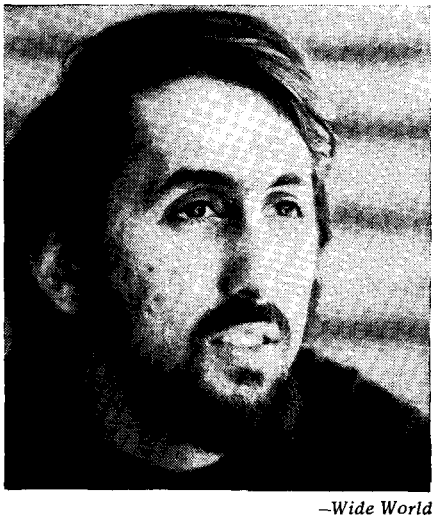
THE Teacher Drop-Out Center (Box 521, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002) has information on more than 700 free, community, and innovative schools—probably the most complete list around—and will put teachers who are having difficulty functioning in traditional schools in touch with positions that permit greater teacher autonomy, student-centered learning, and fewer compulsory classes. For a registration fee of $15, the center provides periodic mail-outs of schools and specific nationwide job openings.

Originally part of the University of Massachusetts's School of Education, but now an independent service, the Teacher Drop-Out Center was started last October by Leonard Solo and Stan Barondes. One is a former English teacher from a suburb near New York City, fired for supporting student determination of goals and student involvement in grading. The other was threatened with dismissal by a principal who wrote: "In spite of my admonitions, he continues to act as an individual."

Solo and Barondes don't believe their experiences are unique, and from their work last year, during which time they put hundreds in contact with schools as teachers, principals, and directors, they are encouraged: "There are more heads in the right place out there than we imagined when we began."

Setting the Record Straight

A COMPREHENSIVE SYLLABUS for a high school American history course, covering the contributions made by Indians, Negroes, Mexican-Americans, and other minorities in shaping our national heritage, was published last month under NAACP auspices. The book, *American Majorities and Minorities* (Arno Press, $2.95), outlines a full-year course, beginning with the old worlds of America, Europe, and Africa and ending with the current Nixon administration. It includes bibliographies on traditional historical material and seeks to eliminate stereotypes and the white, middle-class bias of many traditional courses. According to its authors, Warren J. Halliburton and William Loren Katz, the syllabus should provide a more balanced picture of history by stressing previously unemphasized facts: that Indians, for example, had sophisticated cultures long before the white man came, introducing the Europeans to many novelties, such as the rubber athletic ball and tobacco; that all Western cowboys were not John Waynes—over a third of the cowboys who drove cattle up the Chisholm Trail were Afro-Americans or Mexican-Americans; and that 20 per cent of the blue-coated cavalrymen who tamed the West were black men from the Ninth and Tenth U.S. cavalry regiments.



—*Wide World*

David Ifshin, elected president of the National Student Association.

—*Wide World*

Sidney P. Marland, nominated as U.S. Commissioner of Education.

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BOOK REVIEW

Asking the Right Questions

CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM

by Charles E. Silberman

(Random House, 495 pp., $10)

Reviewed by Frank G. Jennings

Society educates its members more profoundly and more lastingly than family, church, or school. For good and for ill, we are what we become because of where and when we are born. Hunger shapes us. So do the love and hate of our neighbors. Chance enlarges our vision or blinds us to opportunities we would not know how to seize. The only hope of orderly freedom we can reasonably build must be made in classrooms in the few thousand precious days that span our childhood and youth, for society is grossly evenhanded. It takes us where we are at birth and keeps us among our closest, ungiving kind.

Only the school can give us a sense of horizon, can open us up to possibilities, can help us to learn how to discover and use our special talents and private hungers. Only the school can arm us with the wit and the strategies to make society more generous than we think it can be.

But our schools are always failing us, promising us magic and providing a dull routine that leads to emotional and intellectual life at the subsistence level. Our schools are mindless, dull, and drab, whether they are moldering in slums or shining brightly on suburban hillsides. This is the large and shattering half-truth about education in the eighth decade of the American Century.

Thus does Charles E. Silberman in his new book *Crisis in the Classroom* try to spell out the familiar indictment of our schools. He succeeds with greater precision and more dispassionate documentation than any critic of the past three decades. Nothing that he has to say in this matter should surprise or shock anyone who has worried about this state of affairs. But Silberman has thought long and hard and purposively about education's estate, and the result is a book different from and more useful than anything that has gone before his work.

For Silberman is concerned with the tension between the powerful societal forces that "educate" in the larger sense: the mass media, the social institutions, the very culture that surrounds us, and the schools wherein we attempt to create newer and more effective kinds of sense and order within ourselves and so, eventually, within the society that we live in.

—*Bernard Newman*

Charles E. Silberman—precision and dispassionate documentation.

That tension is necessary, for without it we are doomed to live as ants or bees; but it is dangerous, for there is no assurance of any external beneficent "control" that will make things turn out right, that will assure equality of educational opportunity, that will guarantee intellectual and emotional outcomes that are humane and liberating for the individual and his group.

"The test of society," says Silberman, "as of an institution, is not whether it is improving, although certainly such a test is relevant, but whether it is adequate to the needs of the present and of the foreseeable future. Our educating institutions fail that test: schools, colleges, churches, newspapers, magazines, television stations and networks, all fall short of what they could be, of what they *must* be if we are to find meaning and purpose in our lives, in our society, and in our world."

This book had its genesis some four years ago, when the Carnegie Corporation invited Silberman to undertake a study of teacher education. But it soon became obvious that one cannot merely examine the education and the making of teachers. It is necessary, in our complex, ever changing society, to try to understand the way the whole culture informs and educates each citizen.

The Greeks called this process the *paideia*. Thus, all the professions, the businesses, the industries, the political, social, and fraternal organizations, the pervasive mass media, the passing fads and public angers—all of these *educate* us. As Silberman realized early in his study:

> The contemporary American is educated by his *paideia* no less than the Athenian was by his. The weakness of American education is not that the *paideia* does not educate, but that it educates to the wrong ends.

Both Alfred North Whitehead and John Dewey are the modern world's pre-eminent guides to appropriate means and ends in education, and Silberman makes exquisite use of their wisdom. Thus he insists that:

> . . . education is defined . . . as the deliberate or purposeful creation, evocation, or transmission of knowledge, abilities, skills, and values. To emphasize the deliberate and the purposeful is not to deny that nondeliberate influences may be more powerful; it is to assert that man cannot depend upon a casual process of learning. Unless men are forced to rediscover all knowledge for themselves (which is patently impossible), they must be educated, which is to say that education, to be education, must be purposeful.

And there's the rub. Our American schooling systems are not purposeful. One of our egalitarian glories is that much of their origins have been ad hoc. They are task-oriented and job-specific. We make better engineers, farmers, physicians, ministers of our competing faiths, scientists, and restaurateurs. We want their services. We are rarely, if ever, concerned about the quality of their minds. We are distrustful of men with missions. We are uncomfortable before a display of fervor. We want our "rights," but we do not want them to be programed for us. And yet we are haunted by the disorder of our values, by the discontinuities between our beliefs and our behaviors.

Silberman argues for a transformation of the schools and of teaching, which, to the degree that it is successful, will produce those salutary changes that might assure survival of the world as we know it can be. Silberman has found, especially in the infant-school movement in England, and in its adaptations in this country, strong evidence that the best of American progressive education is still vital and profoundly relevant to our contemporary needs. He has stopped at islands of sanity in slum schools and in rural colleges. He has seen splendid teachers being produced in the New School of Behavioral Studies in Edu-

FRANK G. JENNINGS is an *SR* editor-at-large.

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cation in North Dakota. He has found high schools of great promise in Philadelphia's Parkway Program and in the John Adams High School in Portland, Oregon. He has witnessed teachers, ordinary, not especially gifted teachers, re-creating themselves as more open, alert, and caring people, able to match new skill to keener insight, and marshal both in the service of their students. He has talked with principals, deans, and other administrators, some reluctant, some fearful, but many who are willing to chance, not another "innovation," but a basic reordering of their commitments and their tasks.

Despite the aching fact that we as a nation are in deep and anguished trouble, from the White House to our cities' wastelands, which Silberman assesses with firm compassion, he has the courage to insist that our society *is* improving. By any measure, and at any level, our schools are performing better than they have in the past.

> The United States has succeeded in doing what, until very recently, almost every European educator and a good many Americans insisted could *not* be done. It has managed to insure intellectual excellence and creative scholarship in a system of higher education. It has combined what the sociologist Martin Trow calls the traditional or "elite" function of the university—the transmission of high culture and the creation of new knowledge—with its "popular" functions, i.e., educating large numbers of students, particularly for the professions and vocations, and providing other services to the society.

This is not to suggest that Silberman is either more genteel or more naïvely sanguine than the romantic critics of the most recent past. His indictments are more precise than Edgar Z. Freidenberg's, more maturely informed than Jonathan Kozol's, more responsibly programmatic than John Holt's. His philosophical analyses are more logically (and psychologically) consistent than Paul Goodman's. Silberman has been paying his dues of attention in the real coin of social commitment for a long time, and he does his civics homework.

The crises in education, like all our other disruptions and discontinuities, cannot be abated, cannot be weathered, by mere patchwork strategies, nor do we have the luxury of stopping the world and time until we can devise and re-create it closer to some heart's desire. Society must be re-created out of and within what it is and what it has.

Crisis in the Classroom attempts, gloriously, to show how this task may be accomplished. Yet, I feel protective of this book, perhaps because I have watched it grow from an idea to a proposal, to a blue-covered first draft, to several salmon-covered "rewrites," and on to a ten-pound manuscript that was transmuted into galleys, some of which were being recast, to include newer awarenesses, even as the book was being readied for its first pressrun.

That book is in hand now, and it is short of perfection, which is a way of saying that it is a work of art. To be merely accurate is to record some simple aspect of reality and to tell the lie that it is easily remedied. To be unequivocal is to come to certainty about small and safe matters and to suggest that they embody our universals. Silberman equivocates. He takes hunches and rides them far, for he chances the artist's risk. He will disturb many readers, especially some of the professionals, for he has points of view. He is selective. He has preferences. He is passionate, less in what he condemns than in what he espouses. He is insistent in the questions he asks. He has gone, an earnest scholar, to the great sources. He has read, and he has understood much, and he is not afraid of being confused. If only some of the more ardent educators and their critics would undergo the pains of learning that Silberman has accepted, how much clearer would their visions be, how much better would their plans survive the tests of action.

Initially, as has been noted earlier, this had been proposed as a study of the "education of educators." Silberman had planned to learn how all, who in any significant way affect what goes on in the schools and in the minds of citizens, are themselves educated. He wanted to understand what their world views are, how they come by their images of man, what their concept of the good life is, and how they act upon the premises hidden within such notions.

In that undertaking, Silberman's success is modestly incomplete. He has a good sense of the ferment in medical and legal education, some sure understanding of what is happening in schools of engineering. He has a fuller comprehension of curricular conditions in liberal arts undergraduate education. In the latter institutions, his judgments, while not new in any crucial way, are healthily harsh. For the liberal arts college is still the keystone experience for all higher education and almost all professional education. Most of our classroom teachers come out of four-year undergraduate liberal arts colleges. Most of those schools have been very little moved by the various curricular revolutions that have whirled through education in the past half-century. Because of this, our universities do not possess much *universitas*. They are semiprivate holdings within the commonwealth. They are separated from all of their communities and publics. They pay modified homage to society; they offer conditional allegiance to the public; they are sources of convertible wealth for the nation, but at best they are "cousins germane" to the polity.

Our present troubles began, Silberman insists, at the turn of the century when education went public in a big way and turned professional. Educators were divorced from the liberal arts faculties who tended to regard concerns of schooling and learning as beneath their dignity, fit subjects only for the second-class citizens of academe, the educationists. Thus, "many departments of history, philosophy, sociology, and psychology, including some of the most distinguished, quite literally do not have a single member with any interest in the problems of the schools."

If *Crisis in the Classroom* has a central purpose, it is to set aside that bill of divorcement, to bring the estranged members together in a family again. For there is more at stake than pride and status, there is more to be gained than an orderly household. The lives of all our children and the very mindedness of society itself cannot be made whole as long as educators are obsessed by indecent needs to defend their own turfs, and academics regard those turfs as stinking kitchen middens.

It is a peculiarly American presumption that one can take a major work and assess it in a few acerbic paragraphs, subjecting it to a putative test of relevance by semiprofessional scholarship, largely gleaned from the work itself, and either dismiss the effort or announce the "achievement" without ever meeting the intellectual challenge of its author. Charles E. Silberman deserves the psychic income of being used for the ends he has pursued.

None of what he says is new. What is new is that one man has submitted himself to the task of trying to learn what information the new maps of education contain, and what is still of great value in the old charts. He has read and understood John Dewey (would that more educationists could read as well as Silberman does). He has read Comenius and Pestalozzi. He has comprehended Whitehead, Erikson, Bruner, and Piaget. He has been informed by Paul Goodman, Kenneth

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Kenniston, Noam Chomsky, and Robert Merton. He has gone to the slums and ghettos and discovered vital seeds of hope among the barren rubble of crushed ideals. He has been profoundly influenced by Lawrence A. Cremin in framing and asking hard questions about purpose. He has learned that the school can and must be "a center of inquiry" in which all teachers are always students of teaching, in which our children and youth are never merely objects. For, as Silberman concludes this brave and powerful social inquiry:

> . . . when schools become warm and humane, teachers grow as human beings as well as as teachers. The lesson is clear; Dewey stated it two-thirds of a century ago. What is needed, he wrote, "is improvement of education, not merely by turning out teachers who can do better the things that are necessary to do, but rather changing the conception of what constitutes education."

So educators should be told: Read *Crisis in the Classroom.* Do not contend with it. Do not tell Silberman that he should have written your book. Take your charts, which he has scanned with admiration and anguish, and rebuild the schools as only you are able to.

Legislators and their attendant bureaucrats must be told: Accept the study as the most generous and hopeful expression of the yet-to-be-realized American genius for education, and match it with a more mindful *paideia* than we now possess. Begin at last a lifetime of making this nation mirror its sacred trust. Much more than money is required. Politics must rejoin public purpose. It is once again social seedtime.

Foundation executives and their staffs must be told: Be more mindful in your civic generosity than you have been in the recent past. You hold in trust the most valuable of all venture capital. Use it more sparingly, spread it more widely, be more precise in your giving, more courageous in the face of its consequences. Use *Crisis in the Classroom* as a handbook in social enterprise.

Finally, the citizen-reader must be told: This book is commended to you most prayerfully. It is not a weapon to be used to terrorize the school board or the university. It is a thesaurus of creative questions which, by asking, you may help the schools in our Promethean task. As we teach one another, so will we liberate the teachers of our children to treasure the unique worth of every man, to diminish the value of no man, and to liberate the genius for life that is in all of us.

False Ideology

Continued from page 58

tion. In Soviet Russia, a more puritanical belief in meritocracy makes the concentration of schooling privileges on the children of urban professionals even more painful.

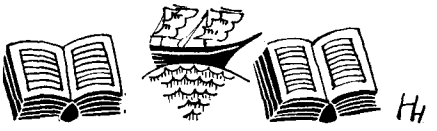
In the shadow of each national school pyramid, an international caste system is wedded to an international class structure. Countries are ranged like castes, each of whose educational dignity is determined by the average years of schooling of its citizens. Individual citizens of all countries achieve a symbolic mobility through a class system that makes each man accept the place he believes he merits.

The political revolutionary strengthens the demand for schooling by futilely promising that under his administration more learning and increased earning will become available to all through more schooling. He contributes to the modernization of a world class structure and a modernization of poverty. It remains the task of the cultural revolutionary to overcome the delusions on which the support of school is based and to outline policies for the radical de-schooling of society.

The basic reason for all this is that schooling comes in quantities. Less than so much is no good, and the minimum quantity carries a minimum price. It is obvious that with schools of equal quality a poor child can never catch up with a rich one, nor a poor country with a rich country. It is equally obvious that poor children and poor countries never have equal schools, but always poorer ones; thus, they fall ever further behind, as long as they depend on schools for their education.

Another illusion is that most learning is a result of teaching. Teaching may contribute to certain kinds of learning under certain circumstances. The strongly motivated student faced with the task of learning a new code may benefit greatly from the discipline we now associate mostly with the old-fashioned schoolmaster. But most people acquire most of their insight, knowledge, and skill outside of school —and in school only insofar as school in a few rich countries becomes their place of confinement during an increasing part of their lives. The radical de-schooling of society begins, therefore, with the unmasking by cultural revolutionaries of the myth of schooling. It continues with the struggle to liberate other men's minds from the false ideology of schooling—an ideology that makes domestication by schooling inevitable. In its final and positive stage, it is the struggle for the right to educational freedom, economy, and efficiency.

A cultural revolutionary must fight for legal protection from the imposition of any obligatory graded curriculum. The first article of a bill of rights for a modern and humanist society should parallel the First Amendment of the United States Constitution. The state shall make no law with respect to an establishment of education. There shall be no graded curriculum, obligatory for all. To make this disestablishment effective, we need a law forbidding discrimination in hiring, voting, or admission to centers of learning based on previous attendance in some curriculum. This guarantee would not exclude specific tests of competence, but would remove the present absurd discrimination in favor of the person who learns a given skill with the largest expenditure of public funds. A third legal reform would guarantee the right of each citizen to an equal share of public educational resources, the right to verify his share of these resources, and the right to sue for them if they are denied. A generalized GI bill, or an edu-credit card in the hand of every citizen, would effectively implement this third guarantee.



Abolition of obligatory schooling, abolition of job discrimination in favor of persons who have acquired their learning at a higher cost, plus establishment of edu-credit, would permit the development of a true market for educational services. According to present political ideology, this market could be influenced by various devices: premiums paid to those who acquire certain needed skills, interest-bearing edu-credit to increase the privileges of those who use it later in life, and advantages for industries that incorporate additional formal training into the work routine.

A fourth guarantee to protect the consumer against the monopoly of the educational market would be analogous to antitrust laws.

I have shown in the case of education that a cultural or institutional revolution depends upon the clarification of reality. Development as now conceived is just the contrary: management of the environment and the tooling of man to fit into it. Development is the attempt to create an environment and then educate at great cost to pay for it. Cultural revolution is a reviewing of the reality of man and a redefinition of the world in terms that support this reality.

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Cuba's Schools

Continued from page 61

not even have the security of tenure. If a principal does not live up to the guidelines set by the ministry and the school, he can be replaced, and either returned to teaching or perhaps appointed to a smaller school as director.

The Spartan life led by school children and faculty is unlike anything Cubans have ever experienced. Under Batista, the corrupt system permitted inequities, with the children and teachers alike wallowing in an atmosphere of payoffs, caste, and poverty. In Cuba today the problem is not, as Ronald Steel noted, "racial antagonism, or violence in the streets, or abject poverty alongside enormous wealth," but rather that element of Spartan existence to which it is inexorably bound: militarism. Even before I left for Cuba, obvious military trappings were evident from photographic journalism in

newspapers and magazines here: the bearded Castro always in khakis and combat boots, and militiawomen in baggy fatigues, rifles slung over their shoulders.

In education, the military ethic spreads. At dawn outside my apartment in Havana I could hear the clipped, brusque cadence of youngsters going through their drills before breakfast in the boarding school yard down the street. To deny that Cuba is only ninety miles away from the world's supreme military power, which is not on the most amicable terms with Cuba, is—as the Cubans themselves continually point out—to be naïve to the point of suicide. But to appoint a military officer as Minister of Education, as Castro recently did after Cuba missed its heralded goal of ten million tons of sugar, does not sweeten the educational pie. It is difficult to believe that Cuba's New Man can be nurtured successfully by the army.

On the other hand, the twenty-four-year-old principal of an elementary school in Las Villas who speaks with pride of the "battles of 1961" is not talking about military campaigns but about the giant unprecedented attack on illiteracy. Comparable to a national war effort, the movement saw 250,000 young people and adults volunteer at Castro's urging to go to the deepest parts of Cuba to "fight" illiteracy. "Death to illiteracy will be the number one goal of 1961," was the call of the first Congress of the Municipal Councils of Education in October 1960. After eight months of intensive countrywide effort, the illiteracy rate in Cuba fell to 3.9 per cent from 25 per cent before the start of the campaign. Many of the 106,000 *brigadistas*, or student alphabetizers, who participated in the 1961 effort, now play a key role in Cuba's education.

The fifteen-year-old who went to the rural hut of a *campesino* in 1961 is now that twenty-four-year-old principal in Las Villas; the fourteen-year-old who was an alphabetizer in Pinar del Rio is now a teacher trainer. In conversations with these "battle veterans," they spoke about their days in the Sierras, about their life with poor, uneducated families in distant isolated mountain settings, with the pride of bringing the rewards of the Revolution to its origin.

These young veterans and more experienced educators are working on several new programs introduced by the Castro government. One new direction is the increasing movement toward boarding schools and semi-boarding schools. To my knowledge, these Cuban schools will be part of the largest effort of its kind in the history of education. Currently, full-time boarding schools offer room for 250,000 children, and semi-boarding schools, which return children to their families in the evening, have space for 170,000 students. Plans call for boarding schools to be built for secondary school children and semi-boarding schools for the primary grades that will provide free clothing, lunch, and dinner.

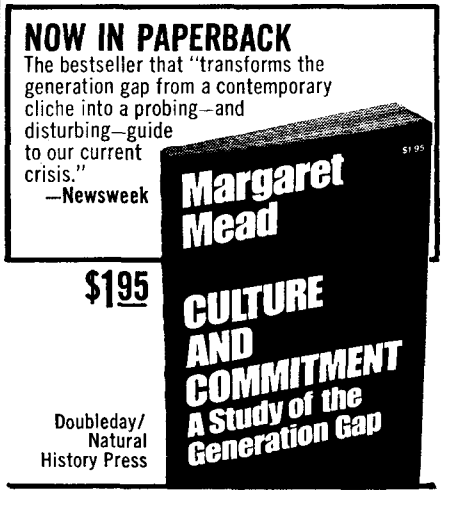
The cost, of course, is staggering. Examining the Cuban investment in boarding-school education, economists estimate that the cost of maintaining a boarding-school child is ten to fifteen times greater than for the education of a day-school youngster.

Boarding-school students are thought to be the first generation in the development of the New Cuban Man. According to the educational rhetoric, these schools offer children a chance to live together and develop attitudes in line with Cuba's revolutionary and educational goals. In addition, boarding schools give youngsters from isolated rural areas opportunities they would otherwise never have had to develop skills in the arts, sciences, and technical subjects in urban centers. On the other hand, those boarding schools built in the countryside became the focus of reconstructed towns, which consist of a polyclinic, social center, and new housing for the *campesinos*.

Like the boarding-school movement, early childhood education receives great attention and funds. But unlike our nursery schools, Cuba's *circulos infantiles* often admit babies as young as forty-five days old and include children through kindergarten, or age five. Most of the nurseries I visited, however, had few children under a year. Run by the Federation of Cuban Women, they have an enrollment of more than 44,000 children. The principal objectives of these facilities are the liberation of mothers so that they, too, can become members of the country's much-needed working force, and the first steps in the development of an educated people. These nurseries stress health care, provide three nutritionally balanced meals a day, and are inordinately concerned with cleanliness. At monthly meetings with parents, the schools again concentrate on hygiene, nutrition, prevention of illness, and child-development problems. Initially, the nurseries provided little more than soap and water and three square meals a day, but, in a process of change, these programs now place greater focus on guided activities for play, language skills, music, and art.

Exerting greater influence on the nursery schools and other educational programs in Cuba are young members of the educational psychology division of the ministry who work closely with curriculum, develop new plans, and hold early childhood seminars to guide nursery schools in understanding infant and child development. Stressing the capacity of young children for learning and the crucial ingredient of adult love, many of these young scholars are intimately familiar with Piaget, Erikson, and Bruner, among others. They, and large numbers of other educators, go abroad to visit and live in foreign countries to learn the details of modern programs in other socialist countries and in Western Europe. The thrust is to develop appropriate curriculums for Cuba consistent with contemporary psychological thought.

The foundation of Cuban education draws not only upon modern psychological theory, however. The goals of Cuban education are intimately connected with the Revolution and the Cuban view of Marxism. Not that communist doctrine paints each class-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room red, but much indeed is made of Cuban ideology and *conciencia*—or what one sociologist defines as "an amalgam of consciousness, conscience, conscientiousness, and commitment."

Castro's July 26, 1968, speech outlined the key points of Cuba's communist structure, and provides a rather clear understanding of what this pattern means for Cuba's schools. In part, it reads:

> In a communist society, man will have succeeded in achieving just as much understanding, closeness, and brotherhood as he has on occasion achieved within the narrow circle of his own family. To live in a communist society is to live without selfishness, to live among the people and with the people, as if every one of our fellow citizens were really our dearest brother. . . .
>
> People aspiring to live under communism must do what we are doing. They must emerge from underdevelopment; they must develop their forces of production; they must master technology in order to turn man's efforts and man's sweat into the miracle of producing practically unlimited quantities of material goods. If we do not master technology, if we do not develop our forces of production, we shall deserve to be called dreamers for aspiring to live in a communist society. . . .
>
> And above all we should not use money or wealth to create consciousness. We must use consciousness to create wealth. To offer a man more than is expected is to buy his consciousness with money. . . . As we said before, communism certainly cannot be established if we do not create abundant wealth. But the way to do this, in our opinion, is not by creating consciousness through money or wealth but by creating wealth through consciousness.

To quote Ronald Steel again: "It is a noble theory. Whether it will work in practice remains to be seen. The Cubans have made remarkable strides . . . and furnish one of the few examples in Latin America of a society that is actually achieving the social reforms that others talk about in the meetings of the Alliance for Progress."

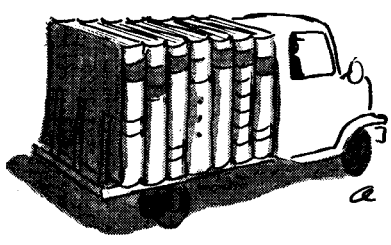
According to Castro—and, in turn, the Cuban ideology—the old society, motivated by money and a fear of poverty, is on the way out, to be replaced by the New Cuban Man, who will work for the common good. To achieve this goal, he will sacrifice and he will work with dedication. Out of altruism will spring a spirit of cooperation and humanity. That the Cubans do sacrifice is undeniable; the long queues waiting what seems endlessly for goods and food on ration attest to this. That they work with dedication is also clear despite moments of frustration caused by petty bureaucrats who say yes and bury approved forms under a pile of other requests never acted upon.

To find out how official ideology affects the classroom, I posed open-ended questions to a variety of students in all parts of Cuba. In the upper grades, I instructed teachers simply to ask the children to write a composition on the theme "If I Had Five Wishes." I cautioned teachers to refrain from prejudicing their classes by offering examples, even if students asked for more details on the assignment. The following is from a fifth-grader in the mountains of Oriente:

> My wishes are that my country will continue being free as it is and also that it will come out of underdevelopment.
>
> I also wish that the people of Vietnam will gain their complete liberty so that our Vietnamese brothers will be free and happy.
>
> I also wish that our center will be the best, maintaining the strictest discipline, studying and working better each day. Before anything else, I wish to get excellent marks at the end of the semester.
>
> Besides all of that, I wish that our country will be able to complete the plan goal, that is, to complete the ten million tons of sugar for 1970.

With only slight variations, the compositions included four themes in common: study, achievement of national goals, the international political situation, and Vietnam. Comments on study were often combined with personal goals, such as the wish to become a teacher or an engineer. As for Cuban achievement, they were concerned then with harvesting ten million tons of sugar and, in Oriente particularly, with an additional two million tons of coffee. The international references, when they were not to Vietnam, were to hopes for freedom for people in other parts of Latin America and Asia. Vietnam was on every child's mind. The wish for peace in that tortured and far-off land was in every composition. If any nation is glorified by official propaganda, it is North Vietnam and its ally, the National Liberation Front.

Here are typical selections from Makarenko Institute students, teenagers in the primary school teacher training program, in answer to another open-ended writing assignment asking children to describe what they thought their life and work would be like at age thirty:



> My life and work at age thirty would seem better. Why? I've already finished school and I would be teaching in the Institute or I'll go to the province where I'm appointed. I will teach those children who don't know. I will serve the Revolution wherever necessary.
>
> My work will be even better. I will help my country in its development even more. My parents, seeing the success I've had with my studies, feel proud and advise me to continue, since they couldn't study with the same ease with which children now go to the Revolutionary Government Schools. These schools didn't exist before, especially in the rural areas; now all children, whites as well as blacks, have the same rights to study and improve themselves. At thirty years of age there will be teachers in Cuba who are capable of going to other countries to teach those children who don't know—underdeveloped countries which don't even know what schools are. I am sixteen years old and in the third year of the Institute.
>
> * * * *
>
> My father is a dock worker and my mother is a housewife. Both my mother and father completed the sixth grade.
>
> My dream is like a gift, a morning star which will tell me what will happen when I'm thirty. In my present life I'm eighteen years old; in future years I aspire to get married as all women, to have kids, and a happy home, simple but peaceful.
>
> I also aspire to work with children, each time to teach more about life, to emphasize with my example morals, ethics, love for our country, that it is necessary to die for a just cause as Che did, and as I will do if it is necessary.

Repeatedly in these compositions, the themes of sacrifice and commitment came through clearly. "To go where the Revolution needs me" is one of the most frequent expressions.

When questioned about the obvious reflection of Cuban revolutionary ideology in the schools, Cuban educators never deny it. One leader, Abel Prieto Morales, at the ministry related an encounter at an educational conference in Italy, where someone asked him, "Is the school in Cuba an instrument of the state?" To which he readily responded: "Yes, of course. Just as it was before the triumph of the Revolution, and as it is in present-day Italy."

Here in the United States, we often do not see that the stories we tell our children in school about Washington's honesty and the cherry tree or poor little Lincoln's log cabin and his voracious appetite for books read by candlelight are tales with political content. When comparing schools as

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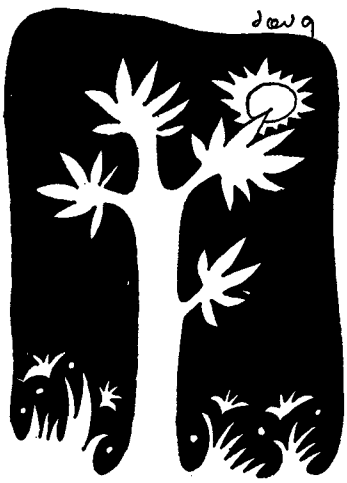
instruments of the state, note the holy trinity of flag, Constitution, and our "way of life."

Cuba, as a nation, suffers greatly from the fact of underdevelopment. To his credit, Castro—whether it makes good headlines or not—has once again recently made it clear to his people that he and they have a lot to learn before they make it as a modern nation. In education, they are hampered by insufficient and inadequate teachers, by rigid classrooms, and by schools where critical skills are not always emphasized. All this, together with the lack of adequate planning, frequent disorganization, and often unsatisfactory and limited materials, will be plaguing the Cuban educational system for some time.

On the other hand, important steps for Cuba's future educational development are being taken now. New curriculums, programs, and materials are in the works. Universalization of education, participation of students and parents, the strengthening of teacher training, and the search for new educational models show signs of a brighter future. On the whole, the important barometric readings for a modern educational system in Cuba seem most positive.

In the long run, Cuba's joyful appreciation of its children will probably be its single greatest asset. Children in Cuba are well cared for by any standard—well fed, well clothed, and, above all, intensively and expensively educated. Cuba is not shopping for bargains in the educational market place for its treasured children. While the queues for rice and meat wind their way around town, the children in the nursery schools sit down to a protein-rich breakfast.

Whether Castro's noble vision of the New Cuban Man will ever emerge is clearly not easily predictable. But if this remarkable experiment on a tiny island ever fails, it will not be for lack of attention to the education of its children.



Education in Brazil

Continued from page 63

Alcoforado opened its doors four years ago with a total enrollment of seventy-two students. Most parents wanted none of it for their youngsters. To educate, a *ginásio* had to be *acadêmico* and have the traditional classes: Portuguese, French, English, Latin, mathematics, geography, history, physical and natural sciences, and drawing. It took a year to change the parents' minds. In 1969, four youngsters applied for every available first-year place, and enrollment rose to full capacity of 1,200 students.

As with schools all over Brazil, the Ginásio Alcoforado has three daily rotating sessions, or *turmas*. Part-time school allows a youngster to work part of the day, allows a teacher to have another, better-paying job on the side, and permits maximum use of school facilities. Although wealthier nations frown on double or triple sessions (their schools have the incidental, if indispensable, purpose of keeping youngsters off the labor market as well as out of parents' hair), part-time education — from primary grades to university courses—is an unavoidable and therefore accepted aspect of life in Brazil.

As a visitor enters the Ginásio Alcoforado, about 400 youngsters in the state-prescribed, blue-and-white uniforms are having morning classes in eight large, airy rooms arranged in a rectangle around an open inner court. In the classrooms the silence is almost audible: absolute quiet, concentration, and application as students pursue the prescribed academic courses (Portuguese, mathematics, history, geography, and science, plus optional English). Elsewhere in the *oficinas*, the wood- and metal-workshops for the boys and the home-education room for the girls; the boys are making chairs with rope webbing, ladders, dustpans, and similar items—according to age and ability. One group is milling metal cans picked up at a nearby filling station into hexagonal tubes for later use in scientific experiments. Girls are doing needlework and knitting, while others are cutting out Christmas ornaments. Everything is made for use, from six-foot-high ladders and colorful rocking chairs to a painted Santa Claus with sled and reindeer, to be sold at a community fair at the end of each semester. In a small, covered corner next to the open courtyard a number of girls are cooking and obviously enjoying the handling and mixing of food. The meat loaf with rice and beans will be the lunch for some of the school's needy youngsters.

Part of the appeal of the GOT program lies in what it will do for the students' families and their communities, as well as for the children. Brazilians are still predominantly family-oriented, and practical knowledge acquired by students in school inevitably will be put to use at home. For instance, a student in *técnica agrícola* (naturally a more popular vocational subject in rural areas) will work with an agricultural and a science professor. His course in Portuguese will deal mostly with the subjects he has in his agricultural studies; he will do research in the area, and his academic courses during the last two years will, as far as possible, be made to refer to his *técnica*. For the first time in Brazil a boy at the *ginásio* level will be able to learn about farming with live cattle, pigs, and chickens, plus a full range of materials such as feeds, chemicals, and specialized periodicals. And he will bring his new knowledge home as he acquires it so that he can show his father what to do and how to do it better.

An excellent example of the impact of the program on the community is provided by Rio Grande do Sul, which is building eighty-four new GOTs with MEC-USAID money. This is the land of the *gaúcho*, of pampas grass and cattle —one of Brazil's richest and most fertile states, which produces the country's best steaks as well as the excellent wine to go with them. Rio Grande has about three times as many schools as the northeastern states and the greatest proportion of literate people. But even in the small rural communities that dot the northern half of the state, parents have insisted on purely academic, university-oriented schools. Rio

WIT TWISTER #186

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

As dawn's mist
— — — — — — —, the long night past,
She said, all passion spent,
"I now — — — — — — — — you free at last,"
— — — — — — — her stays—and went.

—CLIFTON BLAKE,
White River Junction, Vt.

(*Answer on page 72*)

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Grandense youngsters got more schooling than their northern brothers, but they, too, were not learning what they needed to know.

Rio Grande do Sul set out to revolutionize its middle-level education about four years ago. The State Secretariate of Education set up a GOT commission and sent out a representative to interest the people in transforming their *ginásios* into GOTs. A native Rio Grandense, he knew how to shake up the sleepy rural communities by approaching first the local elites—the priests, the *prefeitos*, and other notables—and having *them* sell the idea of the GOTs to their communities at large. Provincial papers printed statements from local school directors explaining and extolling the *revolução educacional*. As a result of this campaign, the GOT program was adopted enthusiastically in more than forty Rio Grandense communities. The people set out to pay for the *oficinas* out of local funds and often to build them with their own hands in their spare time. The state supplied their equipment with the help of the MEC and also provided the needed teachers.

As the state GOT director put it, for the first time the Rio Grandense youngsters were taught something more relevant than "the rivers in Outer Mongolia or the size of the Egyptian harvests under Ramses II." The new *técnicas* made all the difference, particularly for the girls. Because rudiments of housewifery—such as making beds, child care and nutrition, first aid and basic medicine, and, above all, cleaning the house, cleaning the kitchen, cleaning *everything*—were now part of the school curriculum, they were endowed with a new prestige. Instead of refusing to do their share of everyday chores—after all, they were students!—the girls began to show off at home what they had been taught in school about how these chores should be done.

A typical case is the story of Machadinho, a small township on the river Uruguay. The *professor de técnica agrícola* who arrived there in 1966 worked not only with the youngsters but also with their fathers, the *prefeito*, the clergy, and the *sindicatos*. He taught the farmers how to fertilize, what seeds to plant to get the most productive *manioca* yield, and about hybrids. In early 1969, the *professor* and his students of all ages got together to create a local *cooperativa dos produtores*, which for the first time eliminates the middlemen who have cheated them for years.

A crucial dimension of the *revolução educacional* is the need for many more and better-prepared teachers. The new GOTs will need not only *professores de técnicas* but also more teachers for the general academic classes. The problem is being attacked in a number of ways, but one of the most promising efforts was initiated in 1967 in Rio Grande do Sul with support from the Ford Foundation.

Teacher training in Brazil has always been a particularly knotty problem. A large proportion of Brazilian teachers are "nonqualified" and often truly inadequate for their jobs, but until recently a middle-level school-teacher candidate was expected to submit to long years of study—upper normal school followed by four years of *faculdade de filosofia* (Brazilian teachers college)—to come out as a fully qualified teacher in a *single* subject. With the help of the first Ford Foundation grant eight Rio Grandense *faculdades de filosofia* totally revamped their teacher-training program. According to the new standards, a middle-level teacher now becomes fully qualified, after only three years of university study, to teach several subjects in one of the three areas—letters, sciences, or social studies. The number of teacher-training candidates under the new program has risen from 700 in 1967 to 2,500 in 1969, and intensive summer vacation courses have so far retrained and graduated more than 1,000 formerly nonqualified *ginásio* teachers. The program has become a dynamic catalyst for regional university integration and will have great value as a model for training the large number of teachers needed for the new GOTs now being built. Over the next four years, the MEC is projecting a training and retraining program for 250,000 new and formerly nonqualified middle-level teachers.

Recent events indicate that the GOT program is indeed working, as hoped, as a catalyst for the needed *revolução de educação*. A bill introduced in August 1970 for the Reform of Basic Education will combine the four primary grades and the four years of *ginásio* into an uninterrupted eight-year cycle. Both the general disciplines and vocational or preprofessional studies will be included. Primary grades that will no longer have to be geared to unrealistic, university-oriented, middle-level schools will thus be able to relax their curricula and adapt them to regional standards and needs. Ambitious government projections foresee that as a result the dropout rate will fall, and in the course of the next decade basic education should be made available to about 70 per cent of Brazilian youngsters—a truly utopian goal by present Latin American standards.

Even at the university level the need for realistic education is being realized. A university reform decree of 1968 is slowly transforming Brazil's outdated institutes and rigid, feudal faculties into modern, department-oriented universities with laboratories, libraries, and research facilities. So-called short-term study careers, three years long instead of the traditional five or six, are being organized in priority areas such as engineering and administration, to fill Brazil's urgent need for technicians and experts.

But it is still at the basic level that the changes will show their greatest long-range impact. The GOT program will require enormous amounts of money and long sustained effort to get it beyond the initial stage and have it truly transform Brazilian education, as planned. But, if through realistic and flexible school programs the country's children can be encouraged to keep on learning—and their parents be motivated to keep sending them to school—even a poor and culturally unprepared rural youngster will acquire a basic education that prepares him for active participation in the national life. And any observer given to speculative projections can only dream about the potential political consequences fostered by such a possibility.

Social injustice in Brazil recently has received worldwide attention [see "Beginning Anew in Latin America" by Edward M. Kennedy, p. 18]. Sensational and frequently inaccurate reports of revolutionary and terrorist activities usually stress the inevitability of a revolution in Brazil. But they neglect to point out the tiny number of actively involved revolutionaries in a nation of ninety million people. The great majority has remained apathetic. Lacking knowledge and political consciousness, they cannot be moved to conspire against the existing order. Any changes in Brazil today, therefore, can come only as the result of pressures within the system. Thus current demands for reform in education come from the establishment and are based solely on economic and nationalist considerations. Yet in the end they should turn out not only more productive but also more aware people who eventually will try to influence the system—or else revolt.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: cleared, declare, Relaced.

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LIGHTWEIGHT BACKPACK and mountaineering equipment. Imported, Domestic Canoes and Kayaks for day trips, voyageuring, or whitewater. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 42, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

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FRENCH LANGUAGE LESSONS—Practical, serious, efficient. Private or small group. Reasonable. 212-683-5160.

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FOR THE GOURMET

(Continued from page 73)

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 107, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

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VACATIONS

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Not since the frontier days have the American Indians faced greater threats to their existence than they do today.

Malnutrition, disease and despair are rampant. The school drop-out rate is 50% greater than the national average. Unemployment is 10 times the rate of other Americans. The American Indian today has the shortest life expectancy of any group in the country.

Their desperate poverty is a legacy passed on from one generation to the next. The statistics show that few escape. Eight-year-old Lisa Redfox is one of the somber statistics. Or she will be soon, unless someone with $15 a month cares enough to do something about her.

Through Save the Children Federation you can do a remarkable number of things for a child like Lisa. Your contribution will provide funds for the clothes and supplies she needs to continue school. A grant or loan may enable her parents to make their home more livable or to start a self-help project. And a portion of the money will be put into a fund from which a community can borrow to build a village center, install sanitary facilities, provide vocational training or other community projects. But most of all, this money, and the self-help projects it is used for, will provide a climate of hope and a vision of a better future.

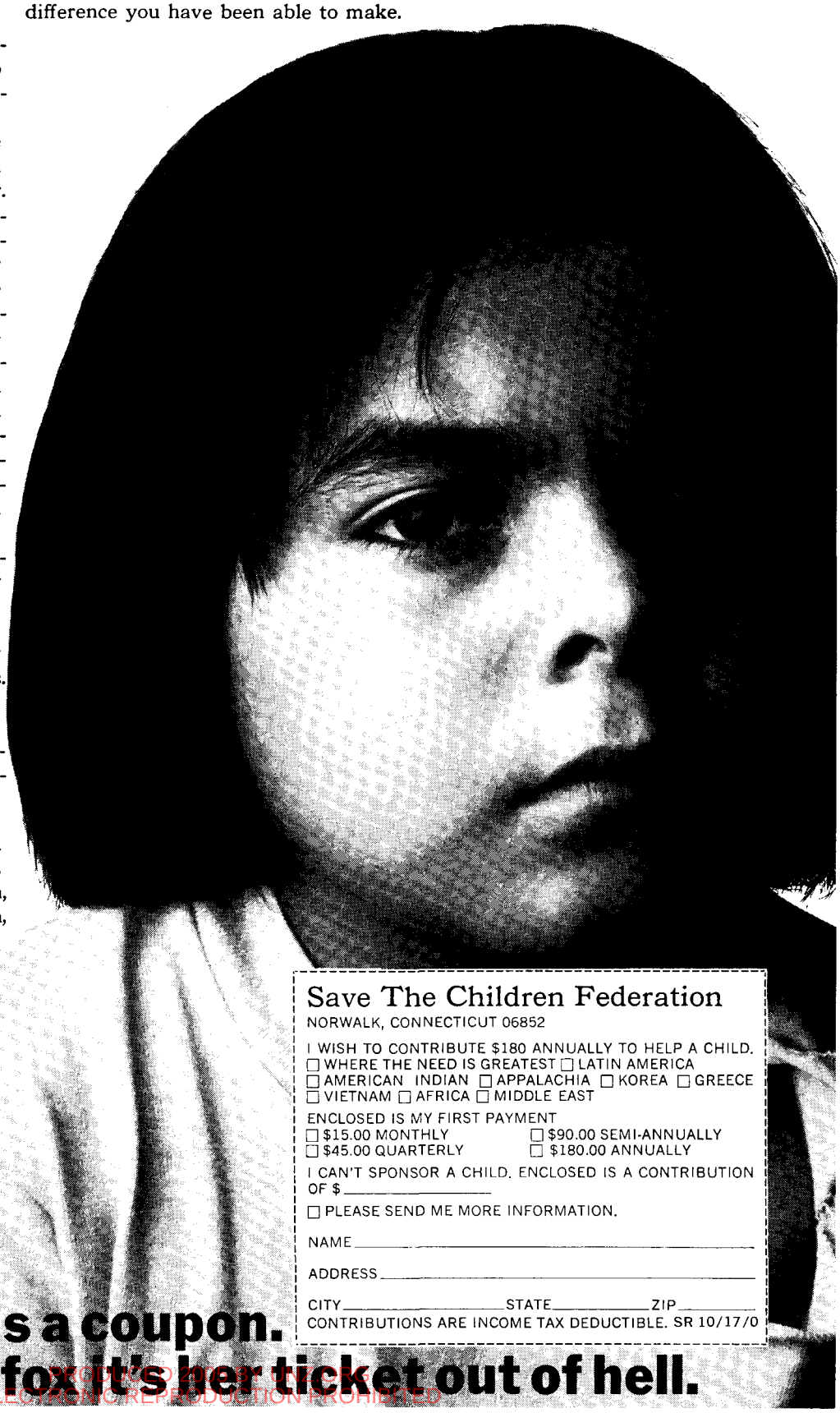
That's what Save the Children is all about. Our aim is not merely a new coat, warm gloves or a few hot meals. We're interested in giving children, their parents and their communities the little boost they need to start helping themselves. Once people start helping themselves, there is almost no end to what they can do.

Sponsors are desperately needed for American Indian children, as well as children in Appalachia, South Korea, South Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, the Middle East and Europe.

As a sponsor you will select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, a case history and regular progress reports. Also, you will have the opportunity to correspond with the child and his family. This personal contact can be as close and frequent and rewarding as you wish it to be. You may even some day wish to visit with your child to see first hand what a remarkable difference you have been able to make.

There's a child waiting for you to fill out this coupon. You are his or her best hope. We're not asking you to save the world. Just a little piece of it. Perhaps, if there are enough people like you, that is the way to save the world.

National Sponsors (partial list): Faith Baldwin, Joan Crawford, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Frank Sinatra. Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.



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To you this is a coupon. To Lisa Redfox it's her ticket out of hell.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1906

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Enormous	1 50 59 67 104 119 121
B. Without pause	130 143 152 172 176 206 212 219 240 16 4
C. Postpone until action can be taken (2 wds.)	36 53 207 215 26 45 69
D. Tentative	81 88 90 114 147 156 202 214 106 136 180
E. Until now	211 228 238 12 20 31 43 49 51 66
F. Kabul is its capital	68 44 55 79 83 99 107 126 133 162 177
G. Stated verbally (used chiefly of a will)	179 204 222 233 98 140 166 191 213 111 150
H. Bottle for beverages	170 186 201 208 174 184
I. Being in the near future	234 60 78 158 183 220 224 73
J. Type of Tibetan house of religious seclusion	129 168 82 93 105 109 135 17
K. Curtain behind the proscenium arch concealing the upper part of the stage	62 74 77 96 103 113
L. Restrained; kept secret (2 wds.)	131 151 216 232 14 181 187 193 141 199
M. Period of liberation and unification of Italy, 1750-1870	218 226 5 18 25 89 100 116 154 169 192 203
N. Delight beyond measure	9 41 52 61 163 227 237 70 86

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. 1918 song by Leslie, Johnson, and Frisch (3 wds. followed by WORD P)	87 39 65 71 194 200 231 6
P. See WORD O (3 wds. followed by "with a Lily in His Hand")	23 56 92 120 80 117 34 128 42 137 165 142
Q. Characterized by high pitch	182 229 236 21 27 72 110
R. Spanish philosopher and novelist (1864-1936; "Niebla")	127 189 197 153 102 115 223
S. Make a formal demand for, usu. in writing	46 95 101 134 8 30 35 123 125 58 196
T. Implores urgently	157 171 13 24 38 57 149 161 40
U. Awkward, embarrassing; not desirable	139 3 29 19 124 11 230 85 37 239
V. Term	75 76 198 205 146 190 185
W. Permeate	112 54 32 63 235 48 91 97 148 195
X. Beginning to exist	221 2 138 7 188 118 94
Y. Shark or ray	15 132 122 145 175 217 64 167 178 84 28 160
Z. Pure, undefiled	209 164 173 10 225 22 144 47
Z¹ British naval officer who led two expeditions to Antarctica	33 108 155 159 210

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 A	2 X	3 U	4 B		5 M	6 O	7 X	8 S	9 N	10 Z	11 U	12 E	13 T		14 L	15 Y	16 B
17 J		18 M	19 U		20 E	21 Q	22 Z		23 P	24 T	25 M	26 C	27 Q	28 Y	29 U	30 S	
31 E	32 W		33 Z¹	34 P	35 S	36 C	37 U	38 T	39 O		40 T	41 N	42 P	43 E	44 F	45 C	46 S
47 Z		48 W	49 E		50 A	51 E	52 N	53 C	54 W	55 F	56 P		57 T	58 S	59 A	60 I	61 N
62 K	63 W	64 Y	65 O	66 E		67 A	68 F	69 C	70 N	71 O	72 Q	73 I	74 K	75 V		76 V	77 K
78 I	79 F		80 P	81 D	82 J	83 F	84 Y		85 U	86 N	87 O	88 D	89 M		90 D	91 W	92 P
93 J	94 X	95 S	96 K		97 W		98 G	99 F	100 M	101 S	102 R	103 K		104 A	105 J	106 D	107 F
108 Z¹		109 J	110 Q	111 G	112 W	113 K	114 D	115 R	116 M	117 P	118 X	119 A		120 P	121 A	122 Y	123 S
	124 U	125 S	126 F	127 R	128 P	129 J		130 B	131 L	132 Y	133 F	134 S	135 J	136 D	137 P		138 X
139 U	140 G	141 L	142 P	143 B	144 Z	145 Y		146 V	147 D		148 W	149 T	150 G		151 L	152 B	153 R
154 M		155 Z¹	156 D		157 T		158 I		159 Z¹	160 Y	161 T		162 F	163 N	164 Z	165 P	166 G
167 Y	168 J	169 M	170 H	171 T	172 B		173 Z	174 H		175 Y	176 B	177 F		178 Y	179 G	180 D	
181 L	182 Q	183 I	184 H	185 V		186 H	187 L	188 X		189 R	190 V	191 G		192 M	193 L	194 O	195 W
196 S		197 R	198 V		199 L	200 O	201 H	202 D	203 M	204 G	205 V	206 B	207 C		208 H	209 Z	
210 Z¹	211 E	212 B	213 G	214 D		215 C	216 L	217 Y	218 M	219 B		220 I	221 X		222 G	223 R	224 I
225 Z	226 M	227 N	228 E	229 Q	230 U	231 O	232 L		233 G	234 I	235 W	236 Q	237 N	238 E	239 U	240 B	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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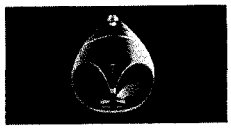

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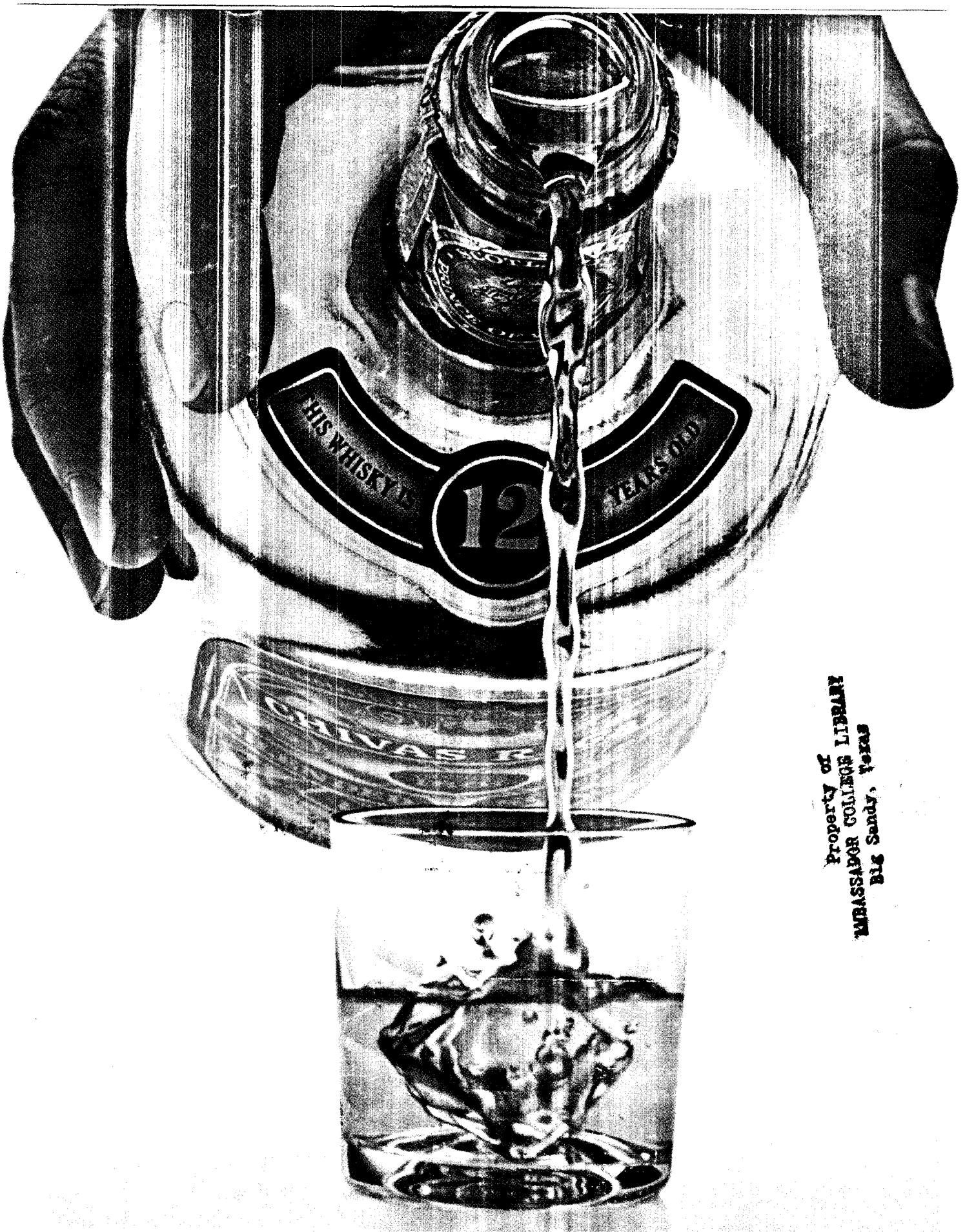

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